

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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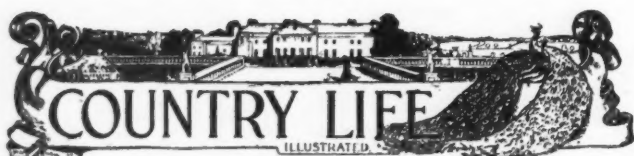
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Photo. ALICE HUGHES.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY AND CHILD.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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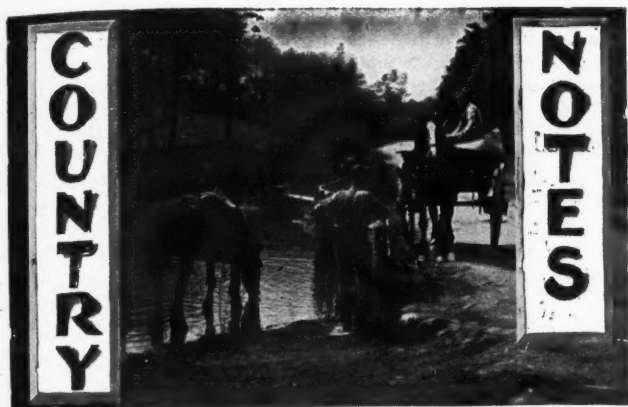
"OVER!"

WHAT the umpires have been saying with a dreary monotony for the last four months, as soon as a given bowler had delivered his five balls, all cricketers and many non-cricketers are saying now, casting one eye back to May, 1899, and the other forward to May, 1900. But in cricket, as in all things, the forecast is impossible, but the retrospect instructive, because from experience cometh knowledge. Two important events were reserved for the last week of the season, the decision of the county championship and the final match of Darling's Australian Eleven. For the latter side we have nothing but praise, reserving one point, however, viz., that it is possible to overdo praise. That the side beat England in the test matches is undeniable; but then only one test match was played to a finish—a decisive finish, we grant. To adjudicate on the other international matches—all drawn—would be futile; but the Australian average per wicket only exceeded the English by a fraction of a run, so that their ultimate victory, though it reads well on records, was not really remarkable. So

fine a team should be expected to beat anything except picked combinations; hence no one wonders that counties fell an easy prey, though only counties—Essex, Kent, and Surrey—actually won a match; but, without being ungenerous, we do not think that either Kent or Essex would repeat the feat. No matches were played against the Gentlemen, the Players, or the North, while the match with the South, at Hastings, was to some extent a holiday game, and the M.C.C. could only bring moderate sides to the two battles—moderate, because the bigger counties were all engaged in championship matches. Still, a side can only be judged by the results of its efforts, and Darling's team of 1899 has well earned the name and fame which will always be associated with it. Of Darling himself it is no flattery to say that he is as fine a captain as he is a cricketer; he scored nearly 2,000 runs, played in every game, made the largest number of hundreds, had the biggest average, and managed his side with splendid judgment and temper. We gladly take off our hat to Mr. J. Darling as one of the finest men and cricketers that has ever been seen on either side of the Equator.

While Darling was putting the finishing touch to the Australian tour, Surrey was diligently annexing the county championship by morally defeating Warwickshire; that the match was reduced to a draw by a thunder-storm of especial violence did not affect the county's position. Some people will not quite agree with the result which the figures, manipulated under the M.C.C. regulations, have produced, and will argue that Yorkshire, with fourteen wins—four losses—in twenty-eight matches, and Middlesex with eleven wins—three losses—in eighteen matches have really a better practical record than Surrey, with ten wins and two losses in a series of twenty-six games. With these dissentients we agree; but as the result of the series can only be justly reached by observing the laws which regulate it, we gladly greet Surrey as the champions, champions of whom we need not be ashamed. With Richardson in form, or with Lockwood in thorough health, Surrey would have had a splendid record. The season, notable enough for the huge scoring for which the consistently fine weather has been responsible, has produced two remarkable records, both of which go to members of Great Britain; K. S. Ranjitsinhji has made more than 3,000 runs in one season, and Albert Trott has taken nearly 230 wickets, and has also made well over 1,000 runs. To these should in all fairness be added the remarkable average of Major Poore, who in twenty-one innings—in four of which he was not out—made 1,551 runs, his average being ninety-one runs per innings.

Pious cricketers of the Chadband type have held up their hands in horror at the hugeness of the scoring and the number of drawn matches; yet neither the hugeness nor the number of draws were abnormal under the circumstances, so that their "holy anger and pious grief" were wasted. Everyone knows that under certain conditions the batsman's stock goes up while there is a slump in bowling; twelve hours' rain equalises matters and brings things to "par." Wherefore those who are aghast at the big scoring of any particular match, or particular week, should study aggregate results before they relapse into hysterics or clamour for reforms. Such reforms, too! To enlarge the wickets, spokeshave the bats, alter the l.b.w. rule, increase the hours of play, play the match out in "snippets" of "three-wickets-down-on-one-side-and-then-let-the-others-bat," with others equally chaotic and impossible! It all depends on the weather whether a match lasts for three days—more, if possible—or for one. "Give me a bucket of water," said a famous Australian bowler, "let me put it where I like, and call the sun to shine at order, and no picked team will get 100 runs against us." He was perfectly right, but he also said on another occasion that a picked side, batting on a perfect wicket, would always get at least 300 runs against him. No projected reforms to reduce scoring are feasible, for the very good reason that they are not wanted. If anyone doubts this, let him purchase for one penny, or even one halfpenny, the published statistics of the season. He will find some tremendous statistics in the column devoted to batsmen, and will write a pompous letter to some sporting paper on the strength of his investigations, which, however, have probably not extended to the bowling averages. If he will take the trouble to collate the two lists, and think out the comparison, he will find that the bowlers have not had so very much the worst of the deal under the somewhat special conditions, and, further, that the Australians have not proved themselves much superior, man for man, to our own individual players; it was the steady, unvarying form of a body of men playing regularly together which gave them a superiority, a distinct superiority, on the field and not on paper, over our own counties. We hope that when the next side comes across to us we shall see more matches against picked sides and fewer games against the weaker counties and scratch elevens. The keen cricketer resents the enrolment of successes against "A North of England Eleven," "An Eleven of Oxford Past and Present," and the like; they are gate-money, catch-penny meetings, unworthy of the Australians and of ourselves.



FROM time to time the writers upon whom falls the duty of recording and weighing the importance of public events are haunted by the fear that they may fall into the vice of exaggeration. Outrageous conduct may extract from them words of too fiery indignation, injustice may stir their emotions so deeply that they may permit grief and anger to get the better of them. But in the case of the crime of Colonel Jouaust and his associates of the infamous court-martial at Rennes there is no reason to fear anything of the kind. Deliberately and with their eyes open they have convicted an innocent man, whom they knew quite well to be innocent, and they have inflicted upon him a sentence of horrible severity, in spite of the fact that for five years past he has endured tortures, mental and bodily, worthy of the Inquisition or of the Middle Ages. The subject is horrible, even revolting; it sickens one of humanity, and especially of French humanity. But the whole world is talking of it, is indeed in seething indignation about it, and there is no sort of use in attempting to shirk it. Therefore, saying, by way of preface, that this atrocious judgment must be reversed, and that if France does not see to its reversal, the civilised world shows every sign of taking the matter into its own hands, let us see what these seven perjured judges at Rennes have done "In the name," forsooth, of "the French people."

With the wisdom of the serpent they do not, in their judgment, attempt to give any reasons for the conclusion at which they have arrived, but with sublime folly they state the question which they were directed to enquire into. It was, "Is Alfred Dreyfus guilty of having in 1894 provoked machinations or carried on dealings with a foreign Power or one of its agents in order to induce it to commence hostilities or undertake war against France, or for the purpose of procuring it the means thereof by furnishing it with notes and documents enumerated in the bordereau?" That is to say, the whole case for the prosecution hung on the bordereau, and the bordereau was well known—had, indeed, been proved before the Court of Cassation—to be the work not of Alfred Dreyfus but of Esterhazy. In other words, it was made as easy as it possibly could be, having regard to the forgeries and frauds of the past, for the court-martial to give judgment in acquittal of Captain Dreyfus, and in confession that gross and lamentable errors had been committed in the past. True it was that all the world knew that error was the wrong word, that the original condemnation of Dreyfus had been the direct result of a conspiracy of falsehood, cruel, unscrupulous, and remorseless beyond all precedent. But if the court-martial had but been content to do justice, even tardily, the world would have been content to let bygones be bygones, and even General Mercier might have escaped the punishment which, having earned it richly, he will surely suffer abundantly in the long run.

Instead of performing its plain duty, the court-martial, after showing palpable and persistent bias all through the trial, callously convicted a man against whom there was not even a shred of evidence. The anti-Dreyfusards knew that this unheard-of wrong would be done; and they were even imprudent enough to say so. Mr. Shearman, an American lawyer, who has followed the case from the beginning, reminded us opportunely, on Monday, that the anti-Dreyfusards had predicted before the trial not only the verdict, but that it would be by five to two. He reminded us also that one of the members of the court-martial had subscribed to a monument to "the noble memory of Henry." After that, we pine for a monument to the late lamented Titus Oates. And Mr. Shearman goes on to say, in words not a whit too strong, "It is the most monstrous crime of this generation—a crime upon which all nations have a right to pass judgment, for it is a crime against the human race."

It is also a blunder, which the anti-Dreyfusards will repent more bitterly than any crime, for it will certainly cost them dear. Not from Great Britain only, although the tension here on

Saturday was of unprecedented severity, but from the whole world, comes the chorus of bitter and sorrowful indignation. The world is not merely full of anger and grief; it is also fierce with the *sava indignatio* of Roman times. In some form or other France will have to pay for this wicked wrong which has been done in her name; and she will not find a friend or a sympathiser in her sufferings. It is worth remembering, too, that this insensate and ferocious verdict gives the lie direct to the German Emperor, and although the days are past, perhaps (only perhaps), when such insults could only be wiped out in blood, there is not a doubt that there will be a renewal and an increase of that estrangement between France and Germany which was beginning to be hardly perceptible. Moreover, it is not to be denied that the state of the military organisation of France, as revealed in the course of the trial, is a sore temptation to those who may have to fight her some day.

And what about that precious Exhibition of 1900, on the preparations for which so many millions have already been spent, and for the sake of which a large part of the fair face of Paris has been completely transformed? Assuredly it will be a colossal failure. Far be it from us to commend the action of the great American employer who, upon hearing of the verdict, immediately dismissed every Frenchman in his employment. But without commending such conduct, it is quite possible to understand that it is very human and natural, and the news of it comes to us along with the suggestion made simultaneously, in many countries, that the Paris Exhibition should be left severely alone. This is likely enough to happen. It may be said that the punishment is childish; but so, in its way, is the offence. The callousness of the French people over this Dreyfus affair—for M. de Blowitz notwithstanding, the verdict is popular with two-thirds of France—their cruelty, their reckless servility to prejudice, are one and all the characteristics of wicked childhood. So the punishment may meet the offence.

One word more. In the whole of the pitiable story the one thing which claims our admiration is the fortitude, the strength, and the courage of the victim. Often, as one reads our own history of earlier times, it seems as if the race must have degenerated, as it would have been impossible for men constituted as we are to bear the tortures which were inflicted upon a Raleigh or a Thomas More, and live. But the sufferings of Dreyfus have not been surpassed by those of any victim of injustice and of cruelty which are recorded in history. The strength of that man, of his mind, of his nerves, of his body is among the most remarkable things which have been known to the world. And he is a Jew. His endurance helps us to understand the extraordinary vitality of his race. They are the most persistent, unconquerable, and stubbornly courageous race in the world. "All things," an American writer has said, "are mortal, save the Jew; all other forces pass, but he remains." And a recognition of this truth, and of the unreasonable resentment which it arouses in ignorant minds, may help us to understand, but by no means to palliate, the unspeakable atrocity of Rennes.

A correspondent writes: "Probably the vast majority of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE have never witnessed even the beginnings of a fishing competition; to watch one from beginning to end would be too much for the patience of man. However, I saw the beginning of one on Monday morning, and it was quite funny enough to be worth recording. One thousand four hundred men—not 14 or 140, but 1,400—came into Abingdon from the vicinity of Birmingham by a quarter-past eight in two special trains. When they started, Heaven only knows. About 1,000 of them were competitors, and all of them carried rods, with large carpenters' tool-bags, full of tackle and bait, and provisions slung upon the rods over their shoulders. All the way from Nuneham to Sutton Courtney, and even lower down, the banks of the river were marked out into stations, which were assigned by lot, and there the placid disciples of Walton, each keeping to his own little plot of ground, fished with varying fortune all the livelong day. They were clearly artisans, almost to a man, and some of them were a trifle rough in their manners, but to one who loves every branch of outdoor sport there was something almost touching in this multitude of men striving after even its poorest form.

"Abingdon watched them open-mouthed as they came; but I, in curiosity, pursued them, hoping to find how far the line of anglers might extend. That proved a hopeless enterprise; but a passing enquiry evoked an amusing example of the mental quality of the Berkshire peasant: 'I've 'eerd,' said the old lady who takes a halfpenny from every passer over Sutton Bridge, and has done so for years, 'as they goes so fur as Nuneham; but I do not know if that be up river or down.' Now Nuneham, from Sutton, is but five miles by river, and far less as the crow flies."

We have heard fish stories, stories of salmon immense in size, even stories of tarpon, but never, outside "The Cruise of the Cachalot," have we heard such a fish tale as that which comes from Ilfracombe. It is to the effect that as a small yacht was quietly sailing in Ilfracombe Bay it was suddenly boarded by what the astonished passengers supposed to be a whale. The great thing jumped on board, flapped its vast tail, to the destruction of the rigging and breaking of the main boom, and thence went on to investigate the cabin, where it seems to have got its head stuck in the door, and went no further. Far the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary story is that it appears to be true. At least it is more difficult to doubt than to believe it; for the yacht, with its monster on board, is reported to have sailed back to Ilfracombe, where the fish was landed, measured (at 15ft. long), weighed (at half a ton), and pronounced to be a thrasher. But it was a case of the thrasher thrashed, for in attacking what it presumably took to be a whale it found a more solid body than it had reckoned on. Had it remained on the open deck it would have been master of the situation, but the attempt to force the cabin door was a mistake in tactics.

The condition of angling affairs is that salmon and anglers are both waiting for a spate, and there will be no fun for either until the spate comes. The last few days of the net-fishing were productive almost beyond the limit of what has been known before, so the salmon are there all right if only they had water enough to get up the rivers. The unfortunate thing is that the heart of the salmon seems to get sick with long-deferred hope, and they never run up very freely after being kept in the estuary for a long while. The river-bed no doubt gets very foul after a long drought, and the first spate has all its work to do in washing out this foulness; but the chief reason of the salmon's disinclination to run up after being kept waiting so long is probably that the keenness of his desire for the fresh water has been spoiled. Never was the angler's lot more like that of Tantalus—with never a fish in the rivers, but the knowledge of legions at the mouth awaiting a spate that does not come.

A magnificent ferox of 16lb. is reported to have been caught in Loch Ericht, in Perthshire, which is rather famous for its big trout. Touching this ferox there is much dispute among naturalists whether it is a distinct species or a mere brown trout grown very big and black and modified in its general aspect from living at the bottom of a dark lake; but fishes present many problems of a like nature. There is some discussion, even, as to whether the finnock is really, as is generally supposed, the grilse of the sea-trout, or whether he is not in reality a young salmon. The question is of some practical importance, and the great point of those who deem him a salmon is that we know the salmon as a parr and as a grilse, but have no knowledge of him in his intermediate state. Into this hiatus they claim that the finnock would fit nicely.

Partridges in the North will be surprised to find themselves with far less covert than usual. In the first place the harvest is early, so that they will not get their normal shelter in the corn, and roots are very poor, so that consolation, too, will be denied them. The lack of rain has partially ruined a very promising root crop. In the great partridge counties of Norfolk and Suffolk a similar influence—the drought—has been no doubt the indirect cause of the death of very many birds in the last few weeks. We hear this ascribed vaguely to the "drought," but probably it really is to be attributed to some obscure disease that the drought has fostered.

The Duke of York's visit to Mr. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge was the occasion for the making of bags of grouse that are a record for Speyside. The biggest bag amounted to more than 250 brace, and on another day over 180 brace were killed. All over the country the accounts of the grouse bags are very good. Unfortunately, in spite of their fine promise, the partridges have not come up to the mark. There are many immature coveys of the second hatch, and numbers have died, as we noted before, in consequence, directly or indirectly, of the drought.

Lord Londonderry's herd of Shetland ponies has been quite famous for many a year now, and one cannot but feel a regret at its dispersal. The prices, considering the size of these "wee beasties," was remarkably good, and no doubt owed something to the fame which this stud has acquired. The large total of £3,900 was realised.

Many accounts of the very severe thunder-storm and the accompanying deluge of last week agree in asserting that it rained cats and dogs, but at High Wycombe this was supplemented by the statement that it rained frogs—and not a few frogs, but so many that when the storm cleared off with its electrical suddenness the

good folk of High Wycombe could not walk abroad without crushing poor little froglings at every footstep. But was it, after all, a shower of frogs that befel in this marvellous manner, or was it rather that the rain quickened into activity myriads of the creatures which had been lying dormant, according to their highly enviable power, during most of the dry weather? In either case the experience must have appeared miraculous enough to persuade many of the superstitious that the great day of reckoning was at hand.

It is an ancient saying, and a very false one, that the Scot is lacking in a sense of humour; but there was humour of the most pleasant—albeit, in all probability, of the most unconscious—kind in the account of a recent "train detention" owing to a slight accident at St. Andrews. It was stated that the repair of the damage caused a delay of thirty minutes, whereby not only was the local train late to that extent in reaching Leuchars Junction, but all the Northern traffic was "in consequence similarly delayed!" The naïveté of this must strike all the many travellers on Scotch lines at this time of year, who have not known what it is to arrive within anything like thirty minutes of the advertised time all the season through. One is disposed to wonder whether this charming statement is really an instance of simplicity or of cheek.

Mr. or Herr Sandow has every right to be pleased with this story, which is true. A certain little girl, aged six years and no more, had seen her elders attempting to perform sundry exercises, which they called Sandow exercises, in fun. Her flexible, childish muscles rendered her infinitely their superior at them. One morning this week she disappeared, and nothing was seen or heard of her until a desolate wailing was heard from a room upstairs. "What is the matter?" cried her mother. "I've shut myself in a room and I can't get out." "What did you shut yourself up for?" "Only to 'do Sandow.'" That is fame for Sandow, indeed.

Cromwell will soon take his place among the great ones of the Empire whose statues stand in the sacred acre of Westminster. Time has brought him his revenge. For soon his effigy will gaze across to where two hundred years ago his head stood on Westminster Hall. It was an ungenerous vengeance, and did greater dishonour to Charles than to Oliver—a barbarous act; yet are we very far advanced from it to-day? Perhaps not very much, if we would judge by the protests of English Tory and Irish patriot against the raising of a monument to the Protector. A faulty man—a guilty one, if you will—but yet so great that his greatness overshadows all. It is not easy to understand these deathless rancours, these wounds that not even centuries can heal. The most ardent patriot may pardon Cæsar, Canute, and William, though they conquered us; the stoutest loyalist may forgive Wat Tyler for his rebellion. A man must have a heart of exquisite susceptibility to rave or mourn over events so long past. These opponents of Cromwell remind one of the man in Mr. Bates's poem:

"My heart so tender is," he said,
'It quivers through and through,
To think Mohammed should be dead
Six hundred thirty-two.
Then Shakespeare died sixteen sixteen;
Mæcenus eight B.C.;
And since these figures I have seen,
What's eating now to me?"

There is nothing particularly humorous about a crossing-sweeper, but it would seem as though fun might find a home in him as well as in any other two-legged creature. It happens, by the way, that a certain crossing-sweeper had but one leg, from which deficiency he was thought to suck no small advantage. Two kindly women often passed him on their way to see a sister, and sometimes gave him words and coppers. But one day the sister, being a parson's wife, said he was not to be encouraged, because he traded on his deficiency. A parishioner, she said, had lately died and left a mechanical leg—as good as new—to the parson, and he had offered it to the afore-named sweeper, but he refused the gift. The kindly women when they saw him next blamed him for this refusal, on the ground that he preferred to be dependent, but he, with evident emotion, said that his act had been misconstrued: "It was not that at all, ma'am. I would not have it because it was a female leg." Here was proper pride! The "parishioner" had been a woman.

It is well known that human beings often show symptoms like paralysis or coma which are really due to nervous shock or hysteria. A person may be absolutely unable to walk, or dumb for months, not because there is any paralysis of the nerves, but from paralysis of the will. A counter-shock, such as a fright, sometimes restores the faculty, and makes the lame walk or the

dumb speak. Dr. H. Higier, in a paper quoted by the *New York Herald*, records two cases, one of a very striking kind, in which animals suffered from this hysterical paralysis. A cat was badly bitten in the back by a dog. The result was complete loss of sensation in the hind-quarters and paralysis. It could only drag itself along by its fore paws, and did not feel a pin prick or hot water. This ought to have been due to injury to the spine, but it was not. A servant dropped it out of the first floor window to see if it would fall on all fours. The result of this not very kind experiment was that it did fall on all fours and ran off gaily. It was suffering from fright hysteria. A canary frightened by a cat did not sing for six weeks, but this dumb hysteria passed off normally. The nervous diseases of animals seem very like our own.

A study of various gardens leads us to think that people do not sufficiently consider, when they read the advice good gardening books give them, the circumstances and conditions of the advice, especially that they do not always take into consideration the difference of soils. Advice that is excellent as to the treatment of a certain plant in a quickly-draining soil might be the worst conceivable in regard to the same plant in a soil that is retentive of water. In every instance the person who is seeking advice should be careful that the circumstances of his own case agree with those of his counsellor, or should be very careful that the counsellor should be fully informed on the points in which they differ. Without this precaution taken the wisest advice must often appear by the judgment of results to be but foolishness.

PEKINESE SPANIELS.

By LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX.

MUCH interest having been aroused by the appearance at dog shows during recent years of the Pekinese spaniel, a few remarks concerning the origin and history of the breed may perhaps not be out of place, and may serve at the same time to draw attention to a few of the characteristics of these very interesting little dogs.

At Goodwood, the Pekin Pugs, as we call them, have been zealously cared for ever since the advent of a pair which were actually taken from the Summer Palace when it was "looted" in 1860, and given to my mother-in-law, the late Duchess of Richmond, by a relative who was present on that particular occasion.

The Emperor of China had fled, but in a portion of the Palace, which had been inhabited by his aunt, five of the

little dogs were discovered, no doubt mourning the loss of their mistress, for the unfortunate lady had committed suicide on the approach of the troops. Two of these were secured by Admiral Lord John Hay, another was appropriated by an officer, who presented it, I believe, to the Queen, and the remaining pair found their way, as already described, to Goodwood, where they lived to a good old age. Lord John Hay has told me that he

took infinite pains to ascertain whether any had strayed into the French camp, but found none.

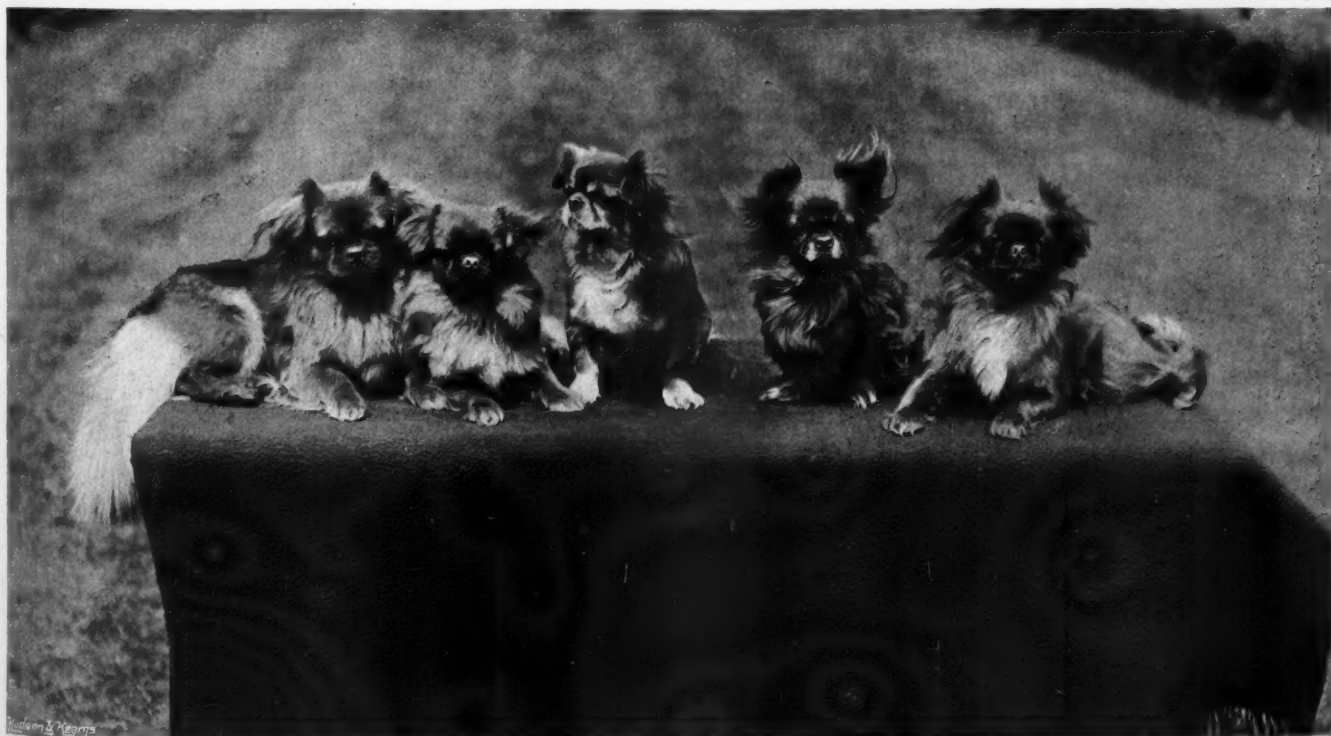
These five dogs were undoubtedly of the Imperial Palace breed, or, as they are sometimes called, "sleeve dogs," and differ in many respects from what is generally accepted in this country as the Pekinese spaniel. The sleeve dogs are much lighter of bone, more feathered about the toes, and of an altogether more refined



T. Fall.

MOTHER AND SON.

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T. Fall.

YUH, LI, YUM, JOSS, MEH.

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type of dog than the other variety, which I understand is frequently met with in the streets of Pekin and other Chinese towns, whereas to obtain the true Palace breed is virtually an impossibility, except by strategy. This view is endorsed not only by Lord John Hay, but also by Sir Edgar Boehm in a letter recently written by him to the *Field*. The colour should be a rich chestnut brown, and the muzzle short and jet black, with little or, better still, no white markings. At Goodwood, where anything like a "cross" has been rigidly excluded, the colour has never varied; no lemon, black, or brindled puppy has ever been born there, and we consequently attach importance to this fact. The legs should be out at elbow and well feathered, with trousers of great length, the tail carried loosely curled over the back, having the appearance of a feathery plume, the ears drooping, with long, silky black tips. In the accompanying illustration, MOTHER AND SON, the defect in the ears is easily detected, and prevents the little dog from being a well-nigh perfect specimen of his kind.

Mrs. Douglas Murray has recently imported a pair, whose photographs she has kindly given me permission to use for the purpose of illustrating this article. Owing to the difficulty already referred to in obtaining the Imperial dogs (for the theft of one from the sacred



MIMOSA AND AH CUM.

The property of Mrs. Douglas Murray.

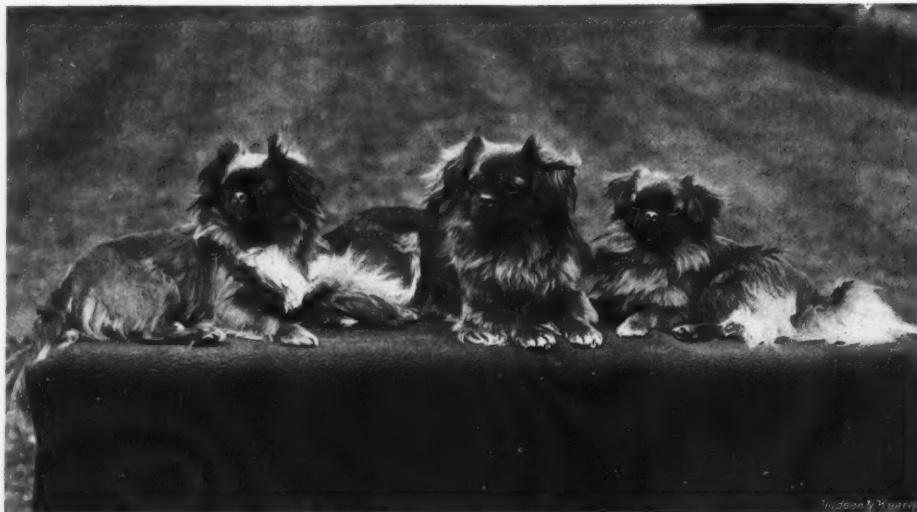
mother should be left undisturbed, as on more than one occasion at Goodwood they have been known deliberately to destroy

precincts of the Summer Palace is punishable by death), Mrs. Murray had the happy inspiration to purchase some deer from the gardens, and, concealed in a box of hay, which was placed inside the crate, the little dogs were safely smuggled on board ship.

The breed is very ancient, as there is no doubt that the fac-simile of the sleeve dogs exists in bronzes known to be over 2,000 years old. They are perfectly hardy, differing in this respect from the Japanese spaniel, and it is a curious fact that during the many years we have been breeding them no case of distemper has ever been known. There is another strange peculiarity about these dogs: for two or three days after the birth of the puppies the

their offspring. Who shall say whether there is not here a taint of that barbarism which plays so conspicuous a part in the Far East?

After recording this unnatural conduct, I must not bring my remarks to a close without paying a well-merited tribute to the great intelligence of these little Chinese dogs, which in some instances is really remarkable. They are also intensely affectionate and faithful, thereby deserving the increasing popularity which is being accorded to them in the pet-dog world.



T. Fall.

THREE BEAUTIES.

Copyright



T. Fall.

FOUR BABIES.

Copyright



SOME twenty years ago quite a large number of young men, possessed of reasonable culture and intelligence, sallied out from Oxford to take the publishing trade by storm; and the rush continued for ten years or hereabouts. It needs hardly to be said that there followed a good many shipwrecks in the troubled waters of commercial literature, and that more than one promising bark foundered with all hands. Among those young men were several of my personal friends and acquaintances, and of them one only, Mr. Edward Arnold, has made a considerable success. That was due in some measure, perhaps, to pure luck, for some very profitable ventures opened themselves before him at the outset, amongst them being one of Dean Hole's charming books about roses—I think the first of them. His luck was due in part to natural causes. The kinsman of Matthew Arnold and of Mrs. Humphry Ward, being withal a pleasant-mannered and cultivated gentleman, could not fail to have a large and useful connection amongst the best class of literary folk. He had a chance of securing good wares to sell. Moreover, he was careful to buy his experience not so much with hard money as with hard work. He did not really rush into the trade; but after an idyllic episode, during which he devoted himself to nursery gardening, he entered a large publishing house as a subordinate, acquired the facility of judging MSS. as editor of a magazine, and "commenced publisher" with some knowledge of his business.

The others for the most part—I am sorry to say they cannot be counted on the fingers of one hand—seemed more fortunate at the outset, in that they appeared to be escaping the drudgery. That is to say they entered as partners, and they paid large sums for their shares in one or two great publishing houses, hoping to gain experience and money at the same time. Those great publishing houses have disappeared some time ago, amid great lamentation, and my friends, no longer young, have reaped a rich harvest of experience, but that is about all they have reaped. Very seriously and sadly I would say to the young men who, having just done fairly well in the Honour Schools at the Universities, are looking out vaguely for a career, that they will do wisely to beware of any publishing house which seems to offer the open door to young men of education and means, unless they know the partners personally, and to have nothing to do with partnership agents.

There is no royal road to a prosperous and easy position in the publishing trade, or for that matter in any trade. Mr. Arnold's position, as has been pointed out, is due partly to luck and connection, partly to prudence in his method of beginning business. He was mentioned first because he is, so to speak, the survivor of a group, the exception which proves the rule. But the publisher who was in my mind when I began write to was not Mr. Arnold, but the gentleman who may now for the first time be described accurately as Mr. Methuen. The world has known the legend "Methuen" at the foot of the back of the cover of hundreds of books, for the most part of uncommonly good quality, for many years, but Mr. Methuen only came into legal existence a few days ago. Algernon Methuen Marshall Stedman, who hailed from Charterhouse, was a member of Wadham College and a graduate of Oxford. He began life as a private schoolmaster, and his publishing business was an afterthought, beginning at first in a very small way with, I fancy, educational works. Certainly educational works are, as the tradesmen say, a very safe line. To begin with, he used his second Christian name as a trade name. But his success has been very great. Make a casual inspection of any modern library and see how many of the really first-rate books bear the name "Methuen." Then you will understand that Mr. Stedman "as was" owes a deep debt of gratitude to those seven letters which need never again be enclosed in inverted commas, and you will see the reason why, by due process of law, he has become Algernon Marshall Stedman Methuen. And the lesson of his life, like that of Mr. Arnold's, is "Begin cautiously and in a small way."

Two of the most important of the books to which we may look for recreation in the autumn which is already upon us have appeared, or are appearing, in serial form. They are Mr. Anthony Hope's "The King's Mirror," which has made its bow in the *Queen*, and Mr. Neil Munro's "The Paymaster's Boy," from *Good Words*. Life will never be long enough for your "Looker-on" to keep abreast with serial literature; he therefore contents himself with reading the very few "serials" which appear in *COUNTRY LIFE*. Still, he is able to say that Mr. Hope's new book is more or less on the Zenda lines, since it gives an account of the life of King Augustin of Forstadt, being a secret history of the Court of Forstadt during the years embraced in the record. But—horrible thought!—Forstadt may be a real place, hidden somewhere in the recesses of the German Empire; one never knows what strange principalities and powers one may find there. But whether there be such a place or not, Mr. Hope will

assuredly be playful and delightful, for he has not been over-producing lately. Readers of *Good Words* must be warned that "The Paymaster's Boy" will be known in book form as "Gilian the Dreamer." This practice of changing names is one against which I always protest. It is always done with perfect frankness and candour; there is no sort of concealment about it; but one forgets these little things. And then, starting on a railway journey, one snatches a book with a new title in a hurry, only to find the old friends or enemies one has known for years staring one in the face from the printed page. It is intensely annoying. "Bang has gone saxpence," sometimes, but more often a good deal more; and the express does not stop till Grantham, or Rugby, or Swindon, or Basingstoke is reached, and a lot of time and temper has been wasted.

By the way, is it not almost time for some of our distinguished authors to give up their pseudonyms or to adopt them as their names for good. All the world knows that Anthony Hope is really A. H. Hawkins, that John Oliver Hobbes is Mrs. Craigie, that Iota is Mrs. Caffyn, that Gyp is the Countess Martel, that C. E. Raimond is Miss Elizabeth Robins, that Bickerdyke is an alias for Cook, and so forth *ad infinitum*. But it was rash to say "all the world"; those who really know are the people who care more or less, and talk more than less, about books. The other world often does not know; and it is when a host brings those who do not know face to face with the leonine guests who are the pride of his party that the difficulty comes in. He has to explain, and that is irksome. On the other hand these authors, having acquired a reputation for themselves under assumed names, are, perhaps, well advised to make no change; for the country is slow—very slow—to assimilate facts that have been well known in literary circles for years, and it might be awkward for some of our prominent authors of to-day to use their own names now. For the public would know nothing of the real names, it would judge the books on the merits, and the result might be unhappy for the author. Still, most of those who have been named might make the venture with safety.

Mr. T. F. Dale's authorised and official history of the Belvoir Hunt will have been published by Messrs. Constable before these lines are printed. It is a book to which I look forward with great eagerness, for given the right kind of knowledge—and Mr. Dale has heaps of it—the history of a great pack can be made into a most attractive subject. Mr. Dale, I happen to know, has another work of great interest in hand.

Books to order from the library:—
 "The Orange Girl." Sir W. Besant.
 (Chatto and Windus.)
 "Mammon and Co." E. F. Benson.
 (Heinemann.)
 "To London Town." Arthur Morrison.
 (Methuen.)
 "The King's Mirror." Anthony Hope.
 (Methuen.)
 "Kit Kennedy." S. R. Crockett.
 LOOKER-ON.

On the Green.

THE ancient race of golfers at St. Andrews would be greatly surprised, if they could look on the well-known links to-day, to see the interest aroused by such competitions as the Calcutta Cup and the Jubilee Vase. For these are handicap competitions, and the old golfers had a theory that handicap competitions were "not golf," and they were tacitly, if not overtly, tabooed on the classic course. But these two competitions above-named have become very popular, and attract many of the best players in the club. Mr. Tait took part in the latest competition, as did Mr. Balfour-Melville, Mr. Low, and

several others of the very best. It is interesting to see how distinctly Mr. Tait is credited by the handicappers with the honour of being the best of all, for his penalty handicap of five strokes was more by two strokes than that of Mr. Balfour-Melville and Mr. Low. And Mr. Tait justified it, for though he did not win he ran up further than either of these others, ran up dangerously near the final in fact, and was only put out by Mr. Cameron, who, early in the fight, had given a token of the big things he was likely to do therein by knocking Mr. Low out. Mr. Cameron's allowance was four strokes, which meant a half in match play from Mr. Tait, and everyone knew that if Mr. Cameron played his best game it was almost impossible for any mortal man to give him a half over St. Andrews. But most players of the second class when they come up against a golfer of Mr. Tait's calibre are apt to be rather disconcerted by his weight of metal; and it was this idea that prevailed with those who thought that Mr. Tait would win, despite the heavy odds. But Mr. Cameron was not a whit disconcerted, and gave a good example of the way in which a second-class player should conduct a match with one who is so much stronger, by not paying his opponent the honour of attending to his game at all, but concentrating all his attention on his own game, trying to play that to his best ability, and leaving his adversary's long drives to look after themselves and be discounted by the odds. The end of the affair was that Mr. Cameron won in a common canter, Mr. Tait never getting a hold on him at all. The final, between Mr. H. C. Ellis and Mr. Cameron, was even a fuller justification of the handicappers' wisdom. The latter ought to have won fairly easily on the first eighteen holes, for he was three up and six to play; but lost the next, leaving him two up and five to play. There is an ancient saying at St. Andrews that "two up and five to play never wins a match," and though most men have sufficient courage in the defiance of augury to prefer being two up to two down at that point, still in the present instance the maxim held good, for though Mr. Cameron did not actually lose the round, he did not win it, and, after finishing all even, the pair had to go out again after luncheon for a decision. Again the match was close, but, after being all even with five to



PEKINESE SPANIELS: AH CUM.

The property of Mrs. Douglas Murray

play, Mr. Ellis ran clean away, and won the tournament with three successive holes. But what a quaint game golf is. In Ireland the other day we had Vardon beating Taylor by thirteen up and twelve to play in the thirty-six hole final, yet at Newquay, in Cornwall, more lately, Taylor won from Vardon by a couple of holes. Taylor's score of 71 was a record for the green, and Vardon's was only a stroke more, so the play on both sides was clearly first-rate.

FROM THE PAVILION.

SO quietly did the season of 1899 expire at Hastings that it was gone almost before we knew it was sinking; but perhaps it was better for us that the thread should thus taper away than that it should be abruptly severed. The Hastings people were lucky in their cricket, and lucky in their weather; but then fine weather is now a recognised course in their menu. The Australians triumphantly wound up a season of triumphs, and must have been glad to pack up their bags for a month or two's rest, but Darling's dashing innings will wait him homewards with a nice taste in his mouth, all the nicer because his side beat a strong team handsomely. Howell concluded with a good piece of bowling; but though his ten wickets against Surrey was a great performance, he has not been a remarkable success in England. Home Counties v. Rest of England produced a good game, and enabled Townsend, who had already scored over 2,000 runs, to get his hundredth wicket into the bargain, though he actually bowled fifty-four overs in one day before he reached the third figure! Thus are records made. Still, he is a sterling cricketer, and deserves all encouragement, for he is not yet twenty-three years of age, being exactly half the age to the day of the writer of these lines. No century, except Darling's, graced the festival, but Jessop and Jephson did some good hitting, as they did last year, while the tardy appearance of Stoddart was duly appreciated. The week, in short, was a very pleasant finale to an eventful season.

Surrey made good its claim to the championship by drawing its match against Warwickshire. A loss was practically impossible, and any other result left Surrey at the top of the ladder, as far as figures are concerned; but there

will be plenty of people to doubt whether these figures accurately represent the true order of the leading counties. The deciding match was a dull affair, as Warwickshire had lost the game by lunch-time on Monday. The Surrey professionals made things safe by some leisurely cricket, Hayward getting into three figures, and Abel being only a few runs short of that number, while Brockwell and Lockwood with more than 70 apiece had a nice little bit of practice. An extraordinary thunder-storm saved Warwick from a dreadful drubbing. The final match of the Scarborough Week (Yorks v. C. I. Thornton's Eleven) was not exciting, though the county won cleverly; but two sterling cricketers, F. S. Jackson and A. O. Jones, said good-bye to the season by getting 101 and 108 respectively, Trott and Rhodes doing some very superior bowling in the bargain, though the wicket was naturally in their favour. W. J. FORD.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY, wife of the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Rutland, is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay, third son of the twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford, premier Earl on the Union Roll of Scotland. Her husband sits in the House of Lords as well as his father, having been called thither in his father's Barony of Manners of Haddon. It is interesting to note that in Lady Granby's children two great strains of aristocratic blood are united, that of the Manners family, who have been statesmen and builders of great castles, and that of the Lindsays, who, from the days of Sir Alexander de Lindsay, companion of Robert Bruce, to those of Lord Wantage, V.C., have almost all been hard-fighting Scotch soldiers.



COFFEE-PLANTING IN MEXICO.

MEXICO, "the bridge of commerce of the world," as Humboldt calls it, would have seemed destined, from that geographical position, as well as from its fertility, to become one of the most prosperous countries of the world. But the chapter of accidents willed otherwise, and it has long lain neglected, the derelict of Spanish misgovernment, hardly

likely to be salvaged by the instability of native misrule. At last, however, the long-continued rule of the enlightened President Diaz has given his country a chance of developing its resources.

It is only at a comparatively recent date that coffee began to be much cultivated in Mexico. In 1873 the total export was

about 1,500,000lb.; in 1898 it had risen to 44,000,000lb. Now that the capabilities of the country have been demonstrated, the outlying provinces are being laid under contribution, and are proving the superiority of their virgin soil to that of the established "finca," as the plantations are called. Assuming that a piece of land in one of these new districts has been chosen, the first business of the planter will be to clear it, only sparing those trees which are adapted for giving shade to the coffee. The timber may be sold, or used for building the planter's house, or for fencing.

The "almasigo," or nursery ground, in which the coffee beans are to be sown, will be a series of ridges some 5ft. wide, on slightly sloping ground for preference, a space being left between each ridge, so that the plants may be easily got at on either side. The beans with which it is intended to make a nursery are gathered when fully ripe, thrown into water, and left there for some time, in order that the pulp may be got rid of.



A PEEP OF THE PLANTER'S HOUSE.

Those which float on the top of the water are discarded; those which sink to the bottom are taken out, left to dry for two days in the sun and two in the shade, and then planted in holes about 1 in. deep and 6 in. apart. There are, of course, other methods of starting a nursery, such as digging up the young seedlings from under their parents in established plantations, but the one given is the most approved. The time for planting is, one is almost tempted to say, immaterial. It is practically the moment when the individual's fancy moves him to plant, though

occupation. Irrigation, a heavy expense in most countries, is very rarely necessary in Mexico.

Sometimes there is a small crop at the end of the second year from transplanting, but as a rule it is not until the third year from that time that the bearing stage is reached. The number of flowerings in a year, and the time at which they occur, differ in different states. A coffee plantation in blossom is a sight worth seeing, and, to use an Irishism, worth smelling. Innumerable candied flowers in dense clusters, set off by shining

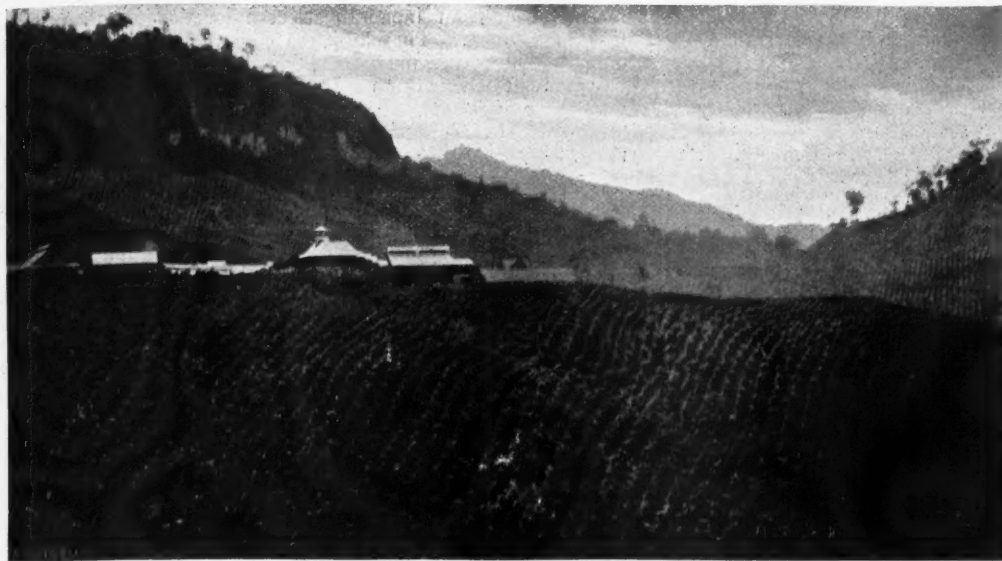
oval leaves, whiten the slopes, and scatter their aroma in the warm air, bearing to the planter the promise of a reward for his toil. It is true the glory of the blossom is shortlived, but it leaves behind it the solid consolation of a berry, not unlike the cherry, which ripens to a dark red. The time of maturity varies infinitely with the varying altitudes and climates. At Pochutla, for instance, the coffee ripens in the lowlands in August, and on the high land in September; in Colima the time of maturity is autumn for the one, and winter for the other.

The gathering requires care. It should be done nippingly with finger and thumb, before the berries have reached the last stage of ripeness, but with precision to detect unripe impostors. It is as well, therefore, to have an eye to the

"mozos" and their families, who, if not watched, will often gather anything handy. Shaking the tree, the practice in Arabia, is not a bad method.

Suppose your coffee picked; you are by no means at the end of the job. All the coffee gathered is now taken down to the pulper. By this machine the seeds are disengaged from the glutinous yellow substance of the bean in which they are embedded, and then are passed into a receptacle full of water, from which they are deposited clean and separate from the pulp in the dryers, to remain there for several days, subject only to being turned over frequently.

Polishing and separating are the only remaining processes,



A FINCA OR PLANTATION.

there is something of the reverence in certain districts for certain seasons which the local fisherman has for a particular fly. In some parts—Oaxaca, for instance, on the Pacific—owing to the moist climate, no shade is provided for the coffee trees; but in most parts of Mexico shade trees are found necessary. The banana is often used for this purpose, though it has the reputation of exhausting the soil, because the banana often yields as much profit as does coffee. The rubber, fig, orange, walnut, and lime trees, the aguacate and mata raton, are also often called into requisition, all of them being capable of yielding a profit.

The coffee-youngsters are usually left in the nursery until, by throwing out cross-branches at one or two places, they have given tokens of an intention to take seriously to their profession. This stage is generally reached a year or so after planting. They are then taken out of their 1 in. holes, and transplanted into quite palatial pits at a distance of some 6 ft. or 7 ft. apart from one another, in order to allow them elbow-room. In India, where the trees are considerably pruned, they are planted as thick as 1,500 to the acre, but in Mexico about 1,000 to an acre will produce a bigger yield. The first four years are generally a period of waiting, but the energetic planter can wait profitably in a country whose prolific soil and accommodating climate give him opportunities. The trees which shade his coffee may also fill his pocket, the banana especially, because it begins bearing at the end of the first year. Corn, tobacco, pine-apples, and numerous tropical products may be cultivated in conjunction with coffee, and will provide employment for the "mozos." Not that the coffee can be left alone to work out its salvation. The ground must be cleaned three or four times yearly with "machetes" (the native bill-hooks), and in older districts it must be manured. As to pruning, authorities differ. In the East Indies the high winds generally make it necessary, but the opinion is that in Mexico the trees thrive better without. The preparation of the drying "patio," a specimen of which, on a large estate in Soconusco, is shown in the accompanying photograph, is another



PATIO, OR DRYING GROUND.

both of which can be done by machinery. The yield of the individual coffee tree depends greatly on the number of trees planted to the acre. The thicker they are, the less they bear individually. Supposing the ground to be fairly good, 1,200 lb. per acre is a moderate estimate. The quality of Mexican coffee is good, and fast improving with improved methods of cultivation. The "caracolillo," or pea-berry, is almost equal to the best Mocha or Mysore.

There is one question, not wholly unimportant in a dollar-

ridden world, to be answered—the question of cost and profit. An experienced planter calculates that the capital necessary to cultivate coffee on one caballeria (105 acres) of virgin soil in Chiapas, including every possible item of expenditure, for five years would be about 50,000dol. (the Mexican dollar being worth about rs. 10d.), and that at the end of that time the planter, assuming that he has a third year crop, would have just paid himself back his outlay, and have in hand a made “finca,” producing annually coffee worth 30,000dol. In this calculation coffee is taken at 25 cents per lb., though the average price is 30 cents, and no account is taken of bye-products. A smaller “finca” would cost rather more in proportion, but ten acres may be cultivated with a large profit on a small capital.

Mexico's advantages as a coffee-growing country consist in its comparative immunity from pests and the consequent certainty of a crop, the cheapness of land, its richness, and the presence of sufficient water without the need of a system of irrigation. As to climate, you can have your choice. The sierras rise, broad terrace above terrace, from the “tierras calientes,” the hot, less healthy lowlands, through the “tierras templadas”—one of the most delightful regions of the earth—to the ridges of perpetual snow. As a rule coffee thrives best where man thrives, and yellow-jack is almost unknown in the coffee zone.

The choice of a locality for a plantation is not an easy matter. You may go to Vera Cruz and other such old and well-known districts; but the price of the land will make a hole in your profits. You can get better land and cheaper in the

new districts, but there is the danger that means of transport and the lazy but indispensable peon, the native labourer, may be lacking. This last is a peculiar person. When you hire him you have to pay his little debts, and then if he is lonely or severely treated he bolts. However, if you let him bring his family, and treat him kindly, he is not impervious to such attentions. Having an eye to these requisites, the intending fingeiro cannot do better than choose one of those localities whose richness is beginning to draw to it capital and the necessary means of communication. A commissioner was recently sent from Japan to select a location for a colony of his countrymen. This Japanese commissioner expressed the opinion that of the many lands in many countries which his Government had sent him to inspect, the most fertile and suitable were those of Soconusco, in the province of Chiapas, and backed his opinion by arranging for the settlement of 2,000 Japanese there.

The Mexican Land Company of London, the concessionaires of most of the coffee lands in Chiapas, find a demand springing up for land which from uncared-for forest is rapidly being converted into “fincas,” which yield the best coffee in Mexico.

A railway is projected from Salina Cruz, the terminus of the Tehuantepec railway, through Soconusco to Guatemala, and for strategic reasons is likely soon to be completed. Land is cheap there to-day, from 1,000dol. to 2,000dol. for a caballeria; but it will not be cheap when the railway comes.



THE visit of the agricultural students at Reading College to Ardington, which forms the centre of the estates of Lord Wantage in Berkshire, was recently referred to in our “Country Notes.” Such villages are not made in a day, and this is no exception to the rule. It lies scarcely a mile down the same chalk stream which forms the water gardens and lake of Lockinge, lately illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE after the visit of the Prince of Wales. Lockinge Park winds down the valley till it almost joins the pools before Ardington House, and Lockinge House has grown into a pile of buildings in which it is not easy to recognise the old manor. Ardington has been left exactly as it was when the Vernons, who made the Vernon collection that formed the nucleus of our National Gallery, still occupied it. Its interior is remarkable for an exceptionally fine Georgian staircase, and the gardens for the beauty of the chain of pools into which the stream is converted for that part of its course. But if ARDINGTON HOUSE remains unchanged, Ardington village has gradually been converted into an example of what taste and judgment

and judicious expenditure can create. At the present time Ardington is the working centre of the estate, while Lockinge is rather the home village of the house. We believe it is almost unique to find two such places side by side, each with a more or less distinct part in the domestic economy of a great property, yet both in immediate touch with headquarters at the house—Lockinge by juxtaposition, and Ardington by telephone.

The latter is the “hub” or executive centre of the system which makes this estate a separate and recognisable area in the county. It contains the estate office, where the accounts are kept; the co-operative stores, the public-house, and the home farm (about 6,000 acres), the hill farms (6,000 acres), the gardens, and other minor departments; also the estate accounts for many thousands of acres let to tenants. From the estate office go all orders, except those for home farm management and Lockinge House and grounds.

Next in importance is the “yard” or factory. From this all estate repairs are provided for, and what these amount to for all the farmhouses, farm buildings, and 1,000 cottages is more easily imagined than set out in



H. W. Taunt.

ARDINGTON HOUSE.

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figures. All the shoeing for the home farm and the wheelwrights' work is done there also. Here is a large plant, steam-saws and other machinery, and quantities of splendid timber. All this work is done in buildings bearing no resemblance to a factory or "works," and the rural appearance of the place is maintained. The yard office keeps its own accounts. What was the village mill is now the estate mill and farmhouse. The former grinds corn for local requirements, and at the farm is the dairy and the home of the farm-bailiff.

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES, which supplies the community, is one of the most interesting institutions in Ardington. It contains a grocer's shop, where all necessities and a great assortment of luxuries may be bought, also clothing and boots. Attached is the bakery, a butcher's shop, and a coal store. It is intended primarily to supply the employes on the estate on the following basis: Payment in cash is made at ordinary prices; but after the usual liabilities, payment of interest, expenses, and reserve fund, a bonus is given back to the purchasers. This has generally been at the rate of 10 per cent. every three months. It can be taken in cash or credit, and is often used by the women, who are the family financiers in agricultural villages, to purchase coal.

The public-house is part of the same system. The manager is paid a fixed salary, and the profits go to some village improvement, such as lamps and the cost of lighting them, both for Lockinge and Ardington. Besides these instances of organisation and social improvement, the village contains the Shire Horse Stud boxes. The stallions live here, with Prince William at their head, for many years the champion Shire stallion of England, and many mares and foals.

To be a model property, so called, a village should be something more than pretty to look at. It should be full of suggestion for the improvement of others, not only in bricks and mortar,



H. W. Taunt.

THE MAIN STREET.

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but in the organisation of life. No one can follow the details of the system there in force without learning some hints for the improvement of village life elsewhere. Many of the ideas carried out at Ardington will be useful in other places. The public-house, for instance, might become a village institution in many places, owned by the parish, and the proceeds applied as they are at Ardington. But it must be remembered that there matters are simplified, not only because the property is in one control, but because the proprietor farms the land himself and so is the main employer of labour. But the benefits of Ardington are not entirely confined to the estate, for the adjacent villages also profit by the stores. Any traveller can go in, make his purchase, and receive his little metal tallies, on the presentation of which, at the end of the quarter, he is entitled to his rebate on the amount of his purchases, however small the latter may have been.

With all this practical excellence, it is one of the most picturesque places in the county. The old villages in this part of Berkshire have a curious ground plan. In most parts of England villages grew up near a road. Consequently the houses were built on either side of the road and formed a street. The ancient settlements made under the Berkshire Downs grew up away from the roads, and consequently very many of them have no streets at all. The general high road was the Ickledon Way, a prehistoric green tract which ran along the tops of the secondary ridges of the Downs, far too cold and waterless to build a village on. The settlements were made near the streams some distance from the Ickledon Way, and were reached either on foot or by pack-horses. Consequently the houses were scattered about in no sort of order, with little "cats' paths" running from one to the other, or winding between them. In course of time some of these paths were made into hard roads for the waggons, but



H. W. Taunt.

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

Copyright.

generally plenty of these little footpaths remain, and the village road system is rather complicated, with little islands of cottages, as on the BYEPATH here shown. The original character of the cottages has been carefully preserved, though paths have been raised and the roads lighted by the funds from the public-house.

Flower-gardening flourishes in Ardington, many of the gardens being full of brilliant colour. Fine trees grow along all the roads and lanes, while the stream, with its alternate lengths of mill-pond, manor-pond, and running brook, gives life and movement. On the Downs above Ardington and Lockinge is another creation of a different kind, but one which will add greatly to the charm of the walk on to the Downs from these villages below, and is already attracting much attention as a new departure in estate improvement.

This is the ranch or new park on the sides of the Downs. Part of it was originally down, part arable, which has been sown with grass. Plantations and long sheltering strips of timber have been made lavishly wherever needed to improve its appearance, or to afford shade and cover from the wind to the cattle. On this ranch the cattle of the estate are run when they are young. Later they are brought down to the lower ground and, by degrees, shifted to the best meadows below, where they are fattened. This was Lord Wantage's own idea. When first propounded at an agricultural meeting at Abingdon it was regarded as impracticable; now it is working well.

The church, though perfectly restored, is very ancient. THE CHURCH DOOR, that portal through which every villager goes to be christened, married, and near which his body rests when his days in Ardington are past, is a reminder of how ancient this village life is. Eight centuries have passed since the gate of this little temple was set up, and those 800



H. W. Taunt.

A BYEPATH.

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years never saw such means of comfort and prosperity as Ardington enjoys at the present day. C. J. CORNISH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WATER-BAILIFF.

IV.—PUNT-GUNNING ON BREYDON.

"I'VE already told you something about the changes that have taken place in Breydon since I first knew it, and now I'll try to give you some idea of the punt-gunning that used to go on there. In the first place I must tell you that there are nothing like the quantities of fowl to be seen on Breydon now that there used to be, though some tidy flocks settle down on the flats sometimes during hard winters. Better drainage of the marshes has done a lot to drive the fowl away; and, in my opinion, there will never again be a decent living for the flight-shooter and punt-gunner until the decoys are done away with. I'm told that eight hundred fowl were taken in the Benacre decoy last winter (1897-98), and seven or eight years ago half a ton of fowl were caught at Fritton Lake in one morning. There is no sport that I can see in taking fowl in that way—it's nothing but wholesale slaughter; and the people who own the decoys don't work them for a living, and scarcely ever come to see a bird caught in them. It's little better than taking bread out of poor men's mouths to keep decoys going nowadays.

"When I was a lad I could often get more fowl in a morning by going along the Breydon 'walls' without a gun than I can now with one. It was like this. The Breydon gunners went out early in the morning and shot a lot of fowl with their big punt-guns; but while they bagged a lot, a good many birds were only maimed, and got away where the gunners could not get them. After the men had gone home to their breakfasts, or to hand over the fowl they had shot to their wives or boys, I used to go along the 'walls' and keep a look-out for the cripples, which generally made for the shore. In this way I have picked up a pedful of maimed birds in a morning. One day I saw a wild goose sitting on the shore just under the wall. It seemed to be asleep, for it had got its head under its wing. I was in a boat at the time, but hadn't a gun with me, so I landed, and took an oar with me to knock the goose over with. I crept along under cover of the 'wall' until I got opposite to where the goose was sitting on the other side; then I crawled to the top of the 'wall' and looked down at it. It did not move, so I thought that instead of hitting it with the oar, which might not kill it, I would jump down on it. I did—jumped right on the top of it—and blow me if that old goose wasn't already dead and stiff!

"I never owned a gun-punt while I lived by Breydon; but I could have the use of a couple at almost any time I wanted them. One of them carried a gun that threw three-quarters of a pound, and the other one pound. I can well remember the first birds I shot with a punt-gun. I was out on Breydon with a bell-mouthed gun



H. W. Taunt.

THE CHURCH DOOR.

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—the one that threw three-quarters of a pound. While I was waiting for some fowl to come by, I suddenly caught sight of a pair of large, cream-coloured birds some distance off. I crept nearer to them; but before I got within gunshot they rose and flew away up Breydon. Twice they did that; but I followed them, and at last I drew near enough to let go at them. Just as I was going to pull the trigger, an old harnsee (heron) 'cut down' at the birds; but I fired directly, and killed two spoonbills, the heron, and winged a gull that was quite forty yards away. I might have made a good price of the spoonbills; but I laid them down in my boat, and either their own blood or that of the harnsee spoilt their feathers, so that they were of very little good to me. Another time, when there was a lot of ice about, I saw a goosander. It tried to dive when I drew near it, but the ice would not let it, so I shot it, though my gun did not go off for quite a quarter of a minute after I had pulled the trigger. While I was taking it home another gunner saw it and said to me 'That's only an owd sawyer, and isn't worth anything; but I'll give you a shilling for it.' I wouldn't take a shilling for it, for I knew he wouldn't have offered it to me if the bird had not been worth more, and when I got to Yarmouth I sold it for seven-and-six. Afterwards I heard that it was worth a guinea.

"A gentleman named Harding, who was a great authority on birds between thirty and forty years ago, came to me once and asked me to take him out punt-gunning. I agreed to do so; and about half-past five one morning I met him and we started off together for the gun-punt. Just before we went aboard I brought out the big gun. It was about nine feet long, and he didn't like the look of it. 'I won't go out with that gun,' he said, and, do what I would, I could not persuade him; so we went out that day with only our shoulder guns, with which he was a good shot. The next day it was the same with him: he wanted to go out punt-gunning with the big gun, but as soon as he set his eyes on it he changed his mind. On the third morning, however, I persuaded him to let me take it, and we set out in good time to get a place before the other gunners arrived. We reached a good spot before daybreak, and Mr. Harding wanted me to row about a bit; but I told him that was against the rules of Breydon, and he said, 'Whatever you do, don't go against the rules.' We lay close under the 'wall' until about seven o'clock, and then I said 'Look up yonder.' There was a knot of fowl—widgeon—feeding on the water-weeds. We crouched down at the bottom of the boat; I took off the leather, put the big gun on cock, and drew the boat up to within about ninety yards of the fowl. When I levelled the gun at them I could feel Mr. Harding shaking like a leaf. He wouldn't let me fire until he had laid himself down right flat on the bottom of the boat and got me to lie down on the top of him. At last I fired, and killed seven birds out of nine with a pound of shot. They were all killed outright, so we did not need to use our shoulder guns to pick off any wounded birds. Afterwards I got Mr. Harding to fire the gun himself, and he shot a red-breasted merganser, with which he was very pleased, and said he would not part with it for five pounds.

"I don't think I have told you that about thirty years ago I often met the late Mr. E. T. Booth on Breydon. Mr. Booth was a good sportsman and had a fine collection of birds, all of which had fallen to his own guns. There was scarcely a county in England he had not visited in search of birds, and to my knowledge he spent three or four summers in the Norfolk Broadland. He was staying at Yarmouth when I first got to know him. While there he engaged some of the Breydon gunners to keep a look-out for rare wildfowl, and when they found them he would go out and shoot them himself. John Thomas was one of the gunners he went about with, a man who had had three of his fingers blown off through a gun bursting. I remember his pointing out three black-breasted plovers to Mr. Booth, who shot two of them.

"One day, while Mr. Booth was out with a gunner on Breydon, an eagle—(Probably a sea eagle.—Ed.)—was seen to alight on one of the posts that mark the channel for the wherries. It was out of Mr. Booth's range, so he tried to draw his boat up closer to the post. While he was doing this a wherry came sailing up. Mr. Booth knew that the wherry would disturb the bird before he could get near enough to fire, so he called to the gunner, whose boat was not far from the wherry, telling him that he would give the wherryman three pounds if he would stop his wherry or sail it out of the way. Unfortunately the gunner could not make the wherryman understand what was wanted of him, and when the wherry came nearly abreast of the post the eagle rose and flew away. It settled again, however, and Mr. Booth followed it and shot it. When the wherryman heard of Mr. Booth's offer he was rarely disappointed, and said he would have sailed all over Breydon for three pounds. On the day I first met Mr. Booth I was out eel-picking after summer scarums, and I showed him and a Breydoner named Gibbs where a bunch of godwits were that he wanted.

"I must tell you about the first time I ever went out on Breydon with a punt-gunner. That was before the day when I went out with a punt-gun and shot the two spoonbills. I was lying down at the bottom of the boat, and the gunner was just

going to fire. He told me to press my head hard against the beam on which the gun rested. I thought he was having a joke with me, and wanted to see me get a shock when the gun went off and the boat was driven back by the recoil. So instead of pressing my head against the beam, I kept it a few inches away from it. Presently the gun went off, and my head came up against the beam with a smack that nearly unsensed me. 'Why,' says the gunner, 'you didn't press your head against the beam.' 'No,' says I, 'but it soon got there all the same.'

"You can have little idea of the large flocks of fowl that were to be seen at times on Breydon thirty or forty years ago. I went out one morning and saw two acres of mud-flat wholly covered with fowl of all kinds, and not far from them, on another flat near Bessey's Drain, there was a flock quite as large. I was in a gun-punt at the time, and also had a shoulder gun with me. When I drew near the fowl the whole flock lifted, and it seemed as if the whole flat was rising. The sight so amazed me that I forgot the big gun, and only shot two birds with the shoulder gun. Another day I saw a flock of between thirty and forty dun-birds (pochards). I didn't know so much about them then as I do now, so I fired at them while they were on the water. When the smoke cleared away I saw that the birds were still all there, and thought I must have killed them all; but before I could reach them they began to rise, a few at a time, until they had all flown away. Of course I ought to have known that they would dive at the flash of the gun. The proper way to get them is to draw up to them until they rise, and then fire directly. Some of the gunners often got a bushel skep full of stints at a shot. I've killed as many as nineteen out of twenty-one stints at one shot with a shoulder gun.

"Although I never had a punt-gun of my own, I've had shoulder guns. I've got now an old muzzle-loader stowed away in a shed among a lot of nets and boat sails. Its barrel is a foot



BEGINNING EARLY.

longer than an ordinary breech-loader, and it's so heavy you would wonder how a man could ever have carried it about with him. It's rusted up now, and the trigger won't fall; but I've used it a good deal in my time, and it didn't kick so much as you might imagine, unless it was under-charged with powder. I've been out sniping with it, which is something like knocking down ninepins with a hundred-ton gun. You've seen my breech-loader, so you know what that is like. A good many people would be glad to have one like it. A gentleman once gave me half-a-crown because I kept it so clean and in such good condition.

"Yes, I've shot some bearded tits now and again—blown them all to pieces at times, so that I could hardly find a feather. Three of them, however, I had stuffed, and I've got them at home now—the cock is a handsome bird. The finest pair I ever got I sold to Mr. George Mason, and they were in the little museum at the old Wherry Inn, Mutford Bridge, until the place was pulled down. Heigham Sound has always been a favourite spot with bearded tits, for there are plenty of reeds there. The finest cock bird I ever saw came quite close to me one day while I was on Ranworth Broad, where there are scores of acres of reeds. The last bearded tits I saw were flying about Oulton Dyke; but one of my sons saw five of them this winter on Oulton Broad. I've never shot a bittern, but I saw one once flying towards Beccles, and I remember one being shot at Oulton Dyke thirteen or fourteen years ago. Specimens have been shot since then in other places. (A bittern was shot at Haddiscoe, in Norfolk, in the winter of 1898-99.—Ed.) Did you ever see a long-tailed duck? They're the birds for swift flying. I got one once by aiming a long way ahead of it, and when it came down the speed at which it was going carried it yards along the surface of the water.

"The greatest number of birds I ever killed with one shot was

eighty-four starlings. A rather curious thing happened then. I and a mate were down by the water-side and saw a large flock of starlings settle among some reeds. I and my mate had our guns with us, and we agreed to fire both at the same moment. We fired—that is, I did, and I thought he did too, and so did he. Then we went and picked up the birds and found there were eighty-four of them. We divided them between us, forty-two each, and set out for home. When we got there, my mate's father came up to see what we'd shot, and we told him what we had done. Then the old man looked at his son's gun and said to him, 'Them birds is all Jimmy's,' meaning mine. 'What do you mean?' says my mate. 'Your gun haint gone off,' says the old man; 'you don't deserve any o' th' birds a-cause you haint kep' your gun clean.' He was quite right, too. My mate's gun had missed fire; but we had thought both our guns went off at exactly the same time. There must have been a rare quantity of starlings in the reeds for me to kill eighty-four at a shot; but large flocks of birds are fairly plentiful in the Broadland even now, though you don't often see any quite so big as one a man I knew saw near the mouth of the Beccles river. I forget what birds they were; but the flock took such a time passing over the man that after he had killed one of the first birds that came to him he was able to charge his muzzle-loader and bring down one of the last birds of the flock. Cormorants are scarce nowadays in the Broadland; I haven't seen more than two during the last ten years. Years ago you might see as many as seven or eight flocks of them, fifty or sixty birds in a flock, on the Breydon flats. The gunners would blackguard about them because there were so many of them and they were worth so little. You see, the Breydon gunners wanted fowl that would sell, and they found a market for most of the birds they shot. They always kept a sharp look-out, too, for rare birds, knowing that they would fetch a good price. One gunner named Reed, however, wouldn't part with the rare birds that fell to him. He got together a good collection of them, among them being, I remember, some fine ruffs and reeves and some Egyptian geese.

"You've seen a punt-gun, so you know what the ordinary kind is like. On Breydon, however, they had at one time one or two of what they called pistol-stock guns, that is, guns with stocks like those of large pistols, which the gunners held in their hands instead of putting them to their shoulders. I tried to use a pistol-stock once or twice, but could not manage with it at all. The first time I fired it I hit nothing; but with the second shot I thought I had got a bird, for I saw something white lying on the flat where the birds had been. When I went to pick it up, it proved to be a big white flint-stone.

"I can't call to mind anything else just now about the Breydon fowl and gunners, though I daresay I shall think of lots of other things about them when you are gone. But before you go I must tell you about a peregrine falcon I shot at Somerleyton. I was sitting in my boat in a dyke there, and had a couple of canvas decoy ducks floating on the water near the



A SCENE ON THE BROADS.

mouth of the dyke. While I was waiting for some fowl to come along, a big bird suddenly appeared and struck down at the decoy ducks. Of course I fired at it at once, and killed it. It turned out to be a splendid peregrine falcon. You should have felt its claws; they were as sharp as needles."

WILLIAM A. DUTT.

(To be continued.)



THE CACTUS DAHLIA.

RAISERS of new Cactus Dahlias must be congratulated heartily upon their success in raising varieties of the true starry type, a flower in which the petals are pointed and narrow, at least compared to those of the so-called decorative Dahlia, a mixture of the show and Cactus, and frequently lumpy productions with neither graceful form nor distinctness to recommend them. At this season the Cactus Dahlia is one of the most brilliant flowers of the garden, and raisers must persevere and obtain varieties which throw their flowers well above the thicket of foliage, as in the majority they hide amongst the leaves and are of course of little value for effect. The writer has been much disappointed with many of the newer kinds, although the flowers have been of beautiful colouring, yet through this objectionable sheltering amongst the leaves little of them could be seen. Much may be accomplished towards minimising this habit by growing the plants upon poorer soil than is often the case. Rich manures are not necessary, as we think the best form in which to apply stimulants is as liquids, for then the plants receive assistance when it is really required. Thin out the shoots freely too, and prevent as far as possible a gross growth, which means foliage instead of flowers. The list of beautiful Cactus Dahlias of the true form is very long, and the flowers vary delightfully in colour, some purest white; and from this one may possess a variety of tints—buff, old gold, pure yellow, purple, scarlet, vermilion, crimson, salmon, and a mingling of soft tints, yellow, rose, salmon, and apricot associated together. At this time those who intend to grow Cactus Dahlias—and their importance in the garden cannot be overrated—should see a collection in flower and choose the colours that please, and also varieties of considerable effect in the garden. The varieties of yesterday are superseded by those of to-day, and only a few days ago were exhibited a series of quite new and beautiful forms which will doubtless ere long appear in nurserymen's lists.

THE GARDEN AT FARNHAM CASTLE.

A quiet, restful garden is that portrayed in the accompanying illustration, a garden in which hardy flowers are grouped upon the turf, and the old castle keep darkened with the mantling Ivy on the ancient walls. A good opportunity has been taken of making this an English garden in the truest sense, and it teaches the lesson that hardy perennials, amid suitable surroundings, possess unfailing charms. Visitors to Farnham Castle should not miss this delightful garden, its simple beds, and flower masses.

THE WILD GUELDER ROSE IN AUTUMN.

Few native—or, indeed, any—shrubs are more beautiful than the wild Guelder Rose (*Viburnum Opulus*) in autumn. It is graceful in growth too, reaching a height of between 12ft. and 15ft., and at this season the branches are weighted with clusters of brilliant red berries. We lately noticed by a lakeside, where moisture-loving flowers and shrubs of many kinds were planted, several bushes of this viburnum aglow with fruit, and soon the foliage will turn to bright tints. This shrub is as conspicuous for the colours painted upon the dying leaves as for the wonderful wealth of ruddy fruit. When the flowering



Wyrall.

THE KEEP GARDEN, FARNHAM CASTLE.

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season is with us, then we may admire the white clusters; but it is in the autumn that the wild Guelder Rose appeals most strongly to the landscape gardener. The variety *sterilis* is the graceful Guelder Rose of gardens, aptly named, too, the Snowball Tree, for its flower masses are like balls of snow, so pure and round in form.

KÖLREUTERIA PANICULATA.

This tree has just finished flowering, and we have noted it because rarely seen in gardens, although possessed of much beauty. It may be planted in small places, and has a tree-like habit, although in height scarcely more than a shrub. It makes a clear stem, and the head is of somewhat irregular shape, with an abundance of pretty pinnate foliage, whilst at the flowering time there is additional beauty in the spikes of yellow blossoms. These appear in profusion in hot years in particular; but our experience is that the *Kölreuteria* cannot be accounted one of the most free-blooming of trees. Ordinary garden soil only is necessary, and propagation is effected by seeds or by root cuttings taken in the winter, cut up into lengths of about 6in. each, and put in sandy soil in a frame.

THE FLAME-FLOWERS.

No more brilliant group of hardy flowers can be found in the garden at this time. Large groups of the finer kinds are rich and sumptuous on the lawn, in the pleasure grounds, or by a lakeside, where from various points in the garden the spikes of flowers shoot up as if flames of fire. This is no hysterical comparison. A forest of *Kniphofia* spikes seen, may be, from the hills around is as vivid as a flame, and the popular name is more descriptive than is often the case. It is no exaggeration to call these Flame-flowers, Torch-lilies, or Red-hot Poker plant. In late August and throughout September, when the cool tints of the Starwort are seen in the garden, one welcomes big groups of *Kniphofia*. It is the plant to mass near the house, upon the outskirts of the lawn, or even in the valley away from the flower garden proper, to break up stretches of green grass. The best-known kind is *K. aloides*, which is frequently seen happy in cottage gardens, and until the now finer kinds were either introduced or raised by hybridisation, the only representative of the family in quantity in English gardens. This, which we may mention is also known as *K. Uvaria*, seems to care little whether the soil be dry or moist, but when planting give it a deep and rich staple, and put the roots down well as a protection against frost. An irregular group of this is delightfully picturesque, and remains in flower for several weeks. This species has given rise to magnificent forms. In the hand-list issued by the authorities at Kew several forms are included, all of great value, namely, *grandis*, *longiscapa*, *maxima*, *globosa*, *nobilis*, *præcox*, *serotina*, and *Saundersi*. Of this list two varieties are conspicuous for their vigorous and remarkable flower spikes. These are the well-named *grandis* and *nobilis*, but of noble stature, as indicated by the names. *Grandis* is, perhaps, the finest of the entire family, its big spikes of richly-coloured flowers rising 8ft., and sometimes more, in height, a wonderful picture of colour when a large group has been planted. *Nobilis* is a magnificent variety for colour and vigour. The writer will never forget a group many yards long of this Flame-flower on the outside of a pleasure ground. During September dozens of spikes had come from the big leaf masses, and it was long ere the last flower had disappeared.

OTHER KINDS OF KNIPHOFIA AND CULTURE.

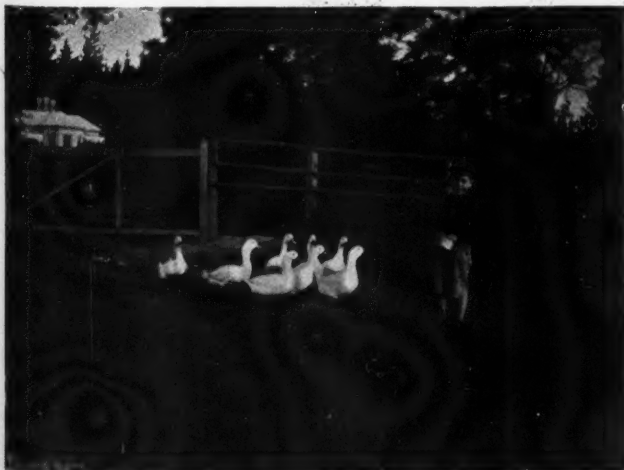
Owing to the success of raisers of new *Kniphofias* the family is becoming larger each year, but it is to be hoped that hardness will not be forgotten. Plants in any way tender, where one expects them to resist frosts, are a mistake. As little coaxing in the garden as possible is desirable, and for this reason some of the hybrids, though delicate in colour, must be carefully selected. *Hybrida Chloris*, *Diana*, *Leda*, *Matador*, *Obelisque*, *Ophir*, and *Osiris* are of very distinct and beautiful colour, and often of a pure self hue, as in *Chloris*, which is apricot. In the others the prevailing colours are deep orange touched with red, or pure yellow, and the spikes are more delicately formed, unlike the big strong stems of *nobilis* or *grandis*. A charming Abyssinian species is *K. Leichtlini*, with stamens of intense apricot colour, but one might enumerate a host of forms, such as *citrina* and *corallina*, the former orange yellow and the other, as the name suggests, coral colour, whilst amongst older forms are *caulescens*, *Rooperi*, and *Uvaria glaucescens*.

BIG ZINNIA FLOWERS.

It is a mistake to increase the size of flowers until all natural beauty is destroyed. The *Zinnia* may well be taken as an example, a quaint and pleasing flower when not developed to abnormal dimensions, but some measure about 4in. across, and of proportionate depth, heavy lumpy blooms, the essence of coarseness and ugliness. We presume this is some *grandiflora* strain, but whatever called there is little beauty in it. Flowers of normal size are in every way as effective as these monstrous forms, which are praised in books and catalogues.

THE PAULOWNIA.

The *Paulownia imperialis*, frequently used in parks and pleasure grounds for the sake of its noble foliage, is a Japanese tree, which should be cut hard back to keep it within reasonable bounds and increase the size of the heart-shaped leaves. It is very quick in growth, and has distinct purplish spikes of



THE LITTLE DUCK BOY.

flowers, not unlike those of the Foxglove, but only when the summer and autumn are very warm, as in this famous year, will the flower buds form. Even then, except perhaps in the South of England, they are injured by frosts, as the *Paulownia* flowers very early. In the Isle of Wight and Devonshire this tree blooms remarkably well, and in the neighbourhood of Paris it is conspicuous. If one desires to propagate it, this may be accomplished by taking root cuttings in winter and putting them in a frame.

THE ESCALLONIAS.

These are the brightest shrubs now in many seaside gardens, and we mention seaside for the reason that the *Escallonia* is rather tender, and it is only in such favoured spots that it is seen growing luxuriantly. The most popular kind is *E. macrantha*, easily recognised by its abundant glossy leaves which clothe a bush about 6ft. in height, and in the summer, and frequently throughout the autumn, a wealth of bright crimson flowers is produced. This species is one of the most free-blooming of all shrubs. *E. Philippiana* is quite distinct. This is more slender in growth, but branches freely, and the leaves are small, deep green, and almost hidden by very small white flowers. No *Escallonia* is hardier than this. Another very free-flowering kind is *E. rubra*. The easiest way to increase these shrubs is by taking cuttings of growing shoots in summer and putting them in pots filled with sandy soil. Transfer them to a close frame and they will quickly root. *E. macrantha* makes a delightful hedge where the climate is mild, and one may mention that *E. Philippiana* may be grown in the neighbourhood of large towns.

GOOD BOY.

CHILDREN'S ideas of their duty towards their fellow-animals are apt to be very crude. "We met such a beautiful frog out walking, mamma," one little boy said on returning from the daily round. "Really," said the mother; "I hope you were kind to it." "Oh, yes," said the boy, "very kind. It seemed so tired, so I helped it up the road with my stick"—meaning with prods from behind. This is an illustration of the not ill-intentioned but altogether unintelligent way in

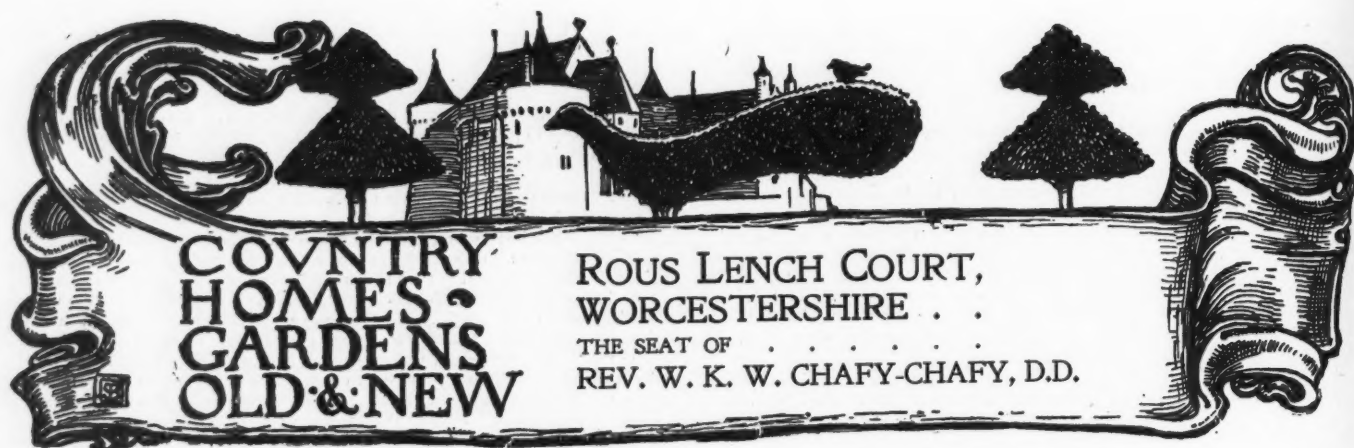


WOOD-CUTTING.

which children regard animals. They have not acquired the faculty of putting themselves in others' places which is the root of all sympathy. Occasionally there are bright exceptions, and when you do meet one of these exceptional instances of a child that really and instinctively does seem to understand animals and their feelings, then the sympathy between the two intelligences is unusually complete, fuller, as a rule, than prevails between animals and grown people. A dog savage with grown people will often allow children to take terrible liberties with its dignity.

These reflections are suggested by the photograph of THE LITTLE DUCK BOY. The photograph and the incident are from New Zealand. We are assured that this little boy, who has the charge of the ducks—children are precocious in the colonies—is on such good terms with his charges that they know him perfectly, recognise his voice, and will come to his summons. If the good Mrs. Bond of the rhyme had only been as this little boy, then the sad words would not have been written, "For they will not come and be killed, Mrs. Bond." The "Dilly dilly," wherewith Mrs. Bond sought to charm them, would have been a much more powerful spell if she had been brought up with her ducks as this little boy has been.

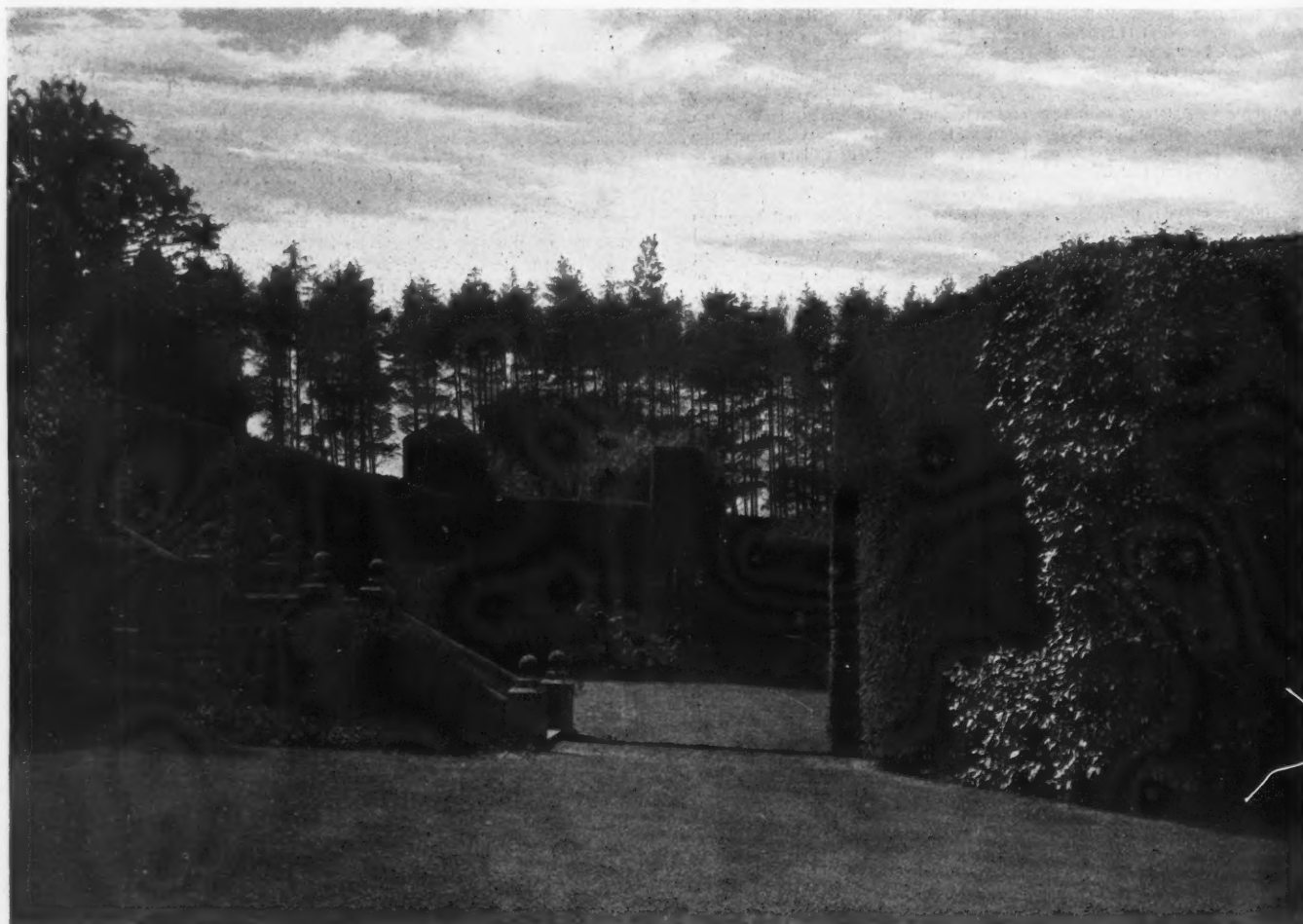
And then in the second picture we may see this talented little boy at work with another in the WOOD-CUTTING trade, actually sawing wood. What a delightful country New Zealand must be for a boy. Why, when we were of that age we can dimly remember that anything whatsoever of the nature of an edged tool was great taboo to us. We were not allowed to touch it. Is it a wonder that the Antipodeans grow up capable of great things that dismay us not a little in the cricket field when their youngsters at so early an age are put to such work as this? In a land where labour is dear there is not a little saving in getting the work of the house done with such assistance. From every point of view the services of the young duck boy and wood-cutters are valuable.



CLUSTERED about the last spur of the Clent Hills, just where they die away into the Vale of Evesham, are several old villages, all distinguished by the generic name of "Lench." The meaning of the term has been disputed, and shall not be discussed here. The most important of these sequestered places is Rous Lench, apparently known before the Conquest as "Biscopelenz," or Bishop's Lench, because it belonged to the See of Worcester, and afterwards of Lench Radulphi. It took its present name from a family of great note which long owned it. The other neighbouring "Lanches," it may be interesting to observe, are Church Lench, Ab Lench (or Hoblench), Atch Lench, and Sheriffs Lench (or Shreve-lench). This peculiar nomenclature, and the curious questions to which it gives rise, must not delay us, for we must close the weighty tomes of encyclopædic Nash, to go afield into the beautiful land he describes, and in particular to say something of the delights and interests of quaint old Rous Lench Court. This is a glorious region to journey through, and he who seeks old houses and their quaint gardens will not seek in vain—a forest land—for is not the greenwood of Arden near at hand?—where wood and hill lend grace to meadow and stream. A few miles away are such houses as Coughton Court and famous Ragley, such interesting old towns as Alcester and ancient Evesham, the villages that Shakespeare knew—Temple Grafton, Wixford, "Dancing" Marston, "Piping" Peabworth, and many more—

such quaint places, too, as Cleeve Prior, where the twelve apostles and four evangelists are cut in yew.

The house we depict is one of the true old English character, such as we still discover in many a woodland shire. They would build in the old times of stone, where stone was not difficult to quarry; but in the forest lands, where stout timber was easy in the getting, the knight or squire would raise a wooden dwelling, with stories and windows that overhung, and numerous picturesque gables. Many such, like Rous Lench Court, are scattered throughout the land; but few have had its good fortune, for it has descended apparently through careful hands, and certainly is now in possession of those who know how to value it. And if few houses, comparatively, of this class have maintained their ancient state, fewer still have gardens so wholly appropriate in character. The original manor house of Rous Lench stood in a position of less attraction but of greater defensive advantage, for it was within the moated enclosure which still remains in the park. Here some member of the family of Lench is said to have received King Edward III.; but the Lanches became embroiled, like many others, in the Wars of the Roses, and finally disappeared, to be succeeded by the family of Rous, which had been seated at Ragley. It was the Rouses who built the present half-timbered house, probably early in Tudor times, halfway up the slope. There were ancient yews there already; but evidently planting very soon





"COUNTRY LIFE."

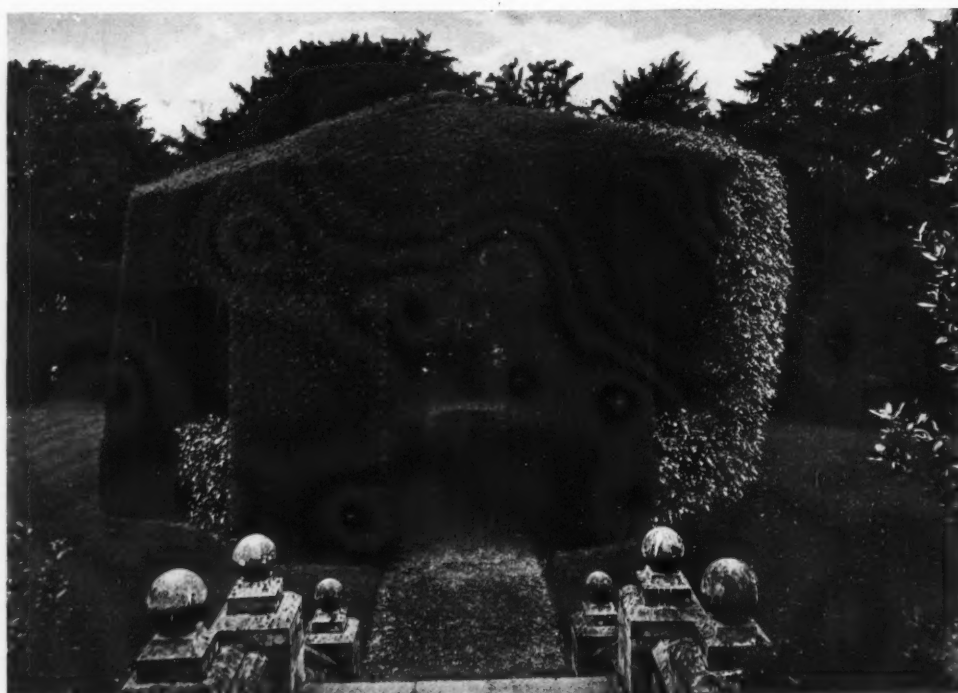
GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ROUS LENCH COURT FROM THE NORTH.

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began, and it is delightful to find that both house and garden are preserved with the aspect of ancient days. Here it may be well to give a sketch of the later history of the mansion. It is said that Cromwell slept at Rous Lench on the night before the battle of Worcester, for the Rouses were his chief supporters hereabout, and partly ruined themselves in the Parliament's cause. Richard Baxter visited the house in the time of Sir

Thomas Rous on two occasions, and is said to have written some part of his "Saints' Everlasting Rest" in one of its chambers. After the death of Sir Thomas Rous, in 1721, the estate devolved twice through female heirs upon representatives of other families, and in 1876 Sir Charles Henry Rouse-Broughton, Bart., sold the estate to the Rev. W. K. W. Chafy, who was already the owner of Sheriffs Lench. By acquiring the Rous estate this gentleman again united the Lenches mostly under one head, a condition they had not held since the days of William de Beauchamp, soon after the Conquest.

It is a manor house and estate to be very proud of. The mansion has gone through successive changes. The oldest part of it faces what has now grown into a public road, and is



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THE YEW ARBOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

entered by a quaint old gate way beneath the squire's bedroom, the porter's lodge being on the left of the arch. The great hall, as was customary, faced the entrance, and beyond the first quadrangle a second seems to have been formed. Rous Lench Court was thus a house of great magnitude, and fortunately much of it still remains.

Owing to the steepness of the slope the gardens possess a very quaint character, being formed in ten terraces,

with mossy flights of steps, beautiful terrace walls, and wonderful yew hedges as we ascend, enclosing delightful gardens and lawns. The yew arbour in the lower pleasure has a charm that is almost unique, and the pleacher and cutter of yew has never done more satisfactory work than that we see as we look up the long flights that lead up through the "tunnel" and between the hedges to the top of the hill, where the kitchen gardens are, neighboured by a lofty tower. It is a pure delight to linger upon these lovely terraces, where the very spirit of old time seems enshrined. We are in a frame of mind to agree with old Nash that the true glory of this place is, indeed, in its ancient garden. The many forms of yew seem endless as we proceed. In addition to the central ascent we have alluded to, there are



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FROM THE ARBOUR, LOOKING TOWARDS THE TUNNEL.

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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ROUS LENCH COURT: THE HOUSE AND TERRACE.

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THE LOWER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

glorious "aisles" of yew climbing the hill both on the north and the south. The yew walk beside the house has grown into a stately avenue, now widened, lengthened, and duly cared for, and it has scarcely a peer in England, though we do not forget the famous example at Haddon. It is said to have been planted about the year 1480. The long vistas between the solemn yews, shadowed deeply, but flecked with light where the sun penetrates the

gloom, are lovely in their sequestered calm. Here we feel the absolute appropriateness of the character, the subtle and satisfying influence of the right surroundings. But we see also that there is no necessary antagonism between this dear old-world character and the radiant charms of the flower world, which are happily united at Rous Lench Court.

Dr. Chafy has greatly extended the garden, and introduced



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THE NORTH "AISLE."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

various forms of verdant adornment. Where the second quadrangle was, there is now a delightful formal garden with a fountain in the midst, the noble terraced path leading up the hill, and another at right angles bringing us into other realms of yew. A pinetum stretches below to the park, and a rosary, with another fountain, and with a stone balustrade, leads us down by a great stone stairway to the lowest lawn.

Altogether the house and garden, thus placed on the hill, have a fascination quite their own. It was said at the beginning of this article that this is a sylvan land. Unfortunately, at an earlier time, much timber was cut down in the park, but the green and varied slopes remain, and a good deal of planting has been done within recent years.

In front, peeping through the elms, is the little grey church, with its fine Norman doorways and many monuments of the Rouses, some of them very curious, within. The village is pretty and well cared for. There are about sixty houses in the parish, many of them clustered about the rustic village green. The picturesque school-house, neighboured by the pump, is on one side, and near by rises a pile of buildings, largely erected by Dr. Chafy for parochial uses, and to which he has given the name of "Chafecote." It is a village lying off the beaten track, but

the tourist will do well to turn aside to visit it, and if he be fortunate enough to see the gardens of Rous Lench Court he will leave with the feeling that he will go very far before he discovers another abode so characteristically interesting and beautiful as this.

Books of the Day

MR. FRANCIS HENRY SKRINE, formerly an Indian civil servant, and Professor Edward Denison Ross, who is Professor of Persian at

University College, London, have travelled independently in the East; and they have written "The Heart of Asia: A History of Russian Turkestan and the Central Asian Khanates from the Earliest Times" (Methuen). Such a book, beginning with Alexander of Macedon, and ending with a survey of Transcaspia in 1898, and confined to some 400 crown octavo pages, necessarily cannot be lively; but that is no reason why it should not be useful; and useful it is. In particular it gives us an account, more complete than any other, of the work which the Russians have done in Central Asia and of the people amongst whom, and to some extent for whom, that work has been done. In fact, it is a very useful book of reference. At the end comes the inevitable reference to the question whether, from the point of view of our Indian Empire, we are to regard the Russians as friends or foes. This is not quite the place in which to discuss that question; but there can be no harm in saying here that Mr. Skrine and Professor Ross form but another illustration of the truth that the Russian treats his guests well and exercises a remarkable fascination upon them. It may be, perhaps it is, true to say that "It is almost impossible for any Englishman to judge the subjects of the Czar dispassionately." Still, it may be



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THE TERRACE STEPS.

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THE LOWER YEW AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

useful to know what is the opinion formed by these accomplished men after laborious travel and investigation. The kernel of it is in these extracts, which have been made with care: "Forty-five years ago a friendship which had lasted for centuries was shattered by that greatest blunder of the century, our Crimean campaign; and the fierce passions which it engendered have not yet spent their force. The Russian advance in Asia, which we have described as a movement automatic and uncontrollable, has been interpreted by an influential school of writers as a menace to our position in India. Twice of late years have we been landed on the very brink of war by a public opinion goaded to frenzy by such baseless fears. For it may be affirmed with perfect truth that the absorption of India is a dream too wild for the most aggressive adviser of the Czar. Such is the geographical position of the peninsula, that it can be held by no European Power which is not Mistress of the Seas. How, it may well be asked, would it profit Russia to assume the responsibility of governing 300,000,000 of Asiatics whose ignorance of Malthusian doctrines renders them a prey to perennial pestilence and famine." These are the sentiments of men who can write. "We left home full of prejudices, the result of a course of Central Asian literature. The Cassandra notes of Vambéry were ringing in our ears, and the



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latent Chauvinism of Lord Curzon of Kedleston had prejudiced the Russians in our eyes. But unfavourable prepossessions vanished when we had seen the results of their rule in Central Asia, and had gathered estimates of its character in every class of the population. We are convinced that the Czar's explicit instructions to his lieutenants to exercise a fatherly care over his Asiatic subjects are scrupulously obeyed. The peoples of Asia, from the Caspian to China, from Siberia to the borders of Persia and Afghanistan, enjoy as large a measure of happiness and freedom as those of any part of our Indian dominions. The fiscal policy of the conquering race is one of extreme moderation." We need not accept them; but we must not disregard them altogether. Nor can we, who have brothers and sisters in India, in the Army or the Civil Service, or married to officers in the one or the other, quite pass over this passage:

"The forces of Islam are also equipped for a coming struggle. A Puritan movement, inaugurated by Wahabi missionaries eighty years ago, has spread far and wide, and the Mohammedans of India have formed secret societies which are exploited by wirepullers for their own ends. Thus we find arrayed against us millions who firmly believe that a good Government must necessarily be a theocracy. Our own institutions, founded as they are on a sincere regard for the good of subject races, have conspired to bring about a state of things which is full of political danger. The dissemination of the English language and of the half-truths with which our political literature teems has produced aspirations which can be gratified only by the abdication of our supremacy. Thus the prestige of the conquerors, which must be upheld if 200,000 white men are to govern 300,000,000 of their fellow-creatures, has been declining for many years past. And we labour under the immense disadvantage of being aliens in blood, language, and traditions from the Asiatics whom we are called upon to rule." Unnecessarily alarmist in tone it may be: one hopes that it is. But the language is that of an Indian civil servant of experience, and the Mutiny did not occur so long ago but that its memories are still fresh and sore.

A very different and a very remarkable book is Mr. Lionel Decle's "Trooper 3809: a Private Soldier of the Third Republic" (Heinemann). There is something of a disposition to decry this book, on the ground that its very enterprising publisher brings it out avowedly in connection with the Dreyfus case. As to that, if I were a publisher, I should do my best to seize



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ROUS LENCH CHURCH.

"C.L."

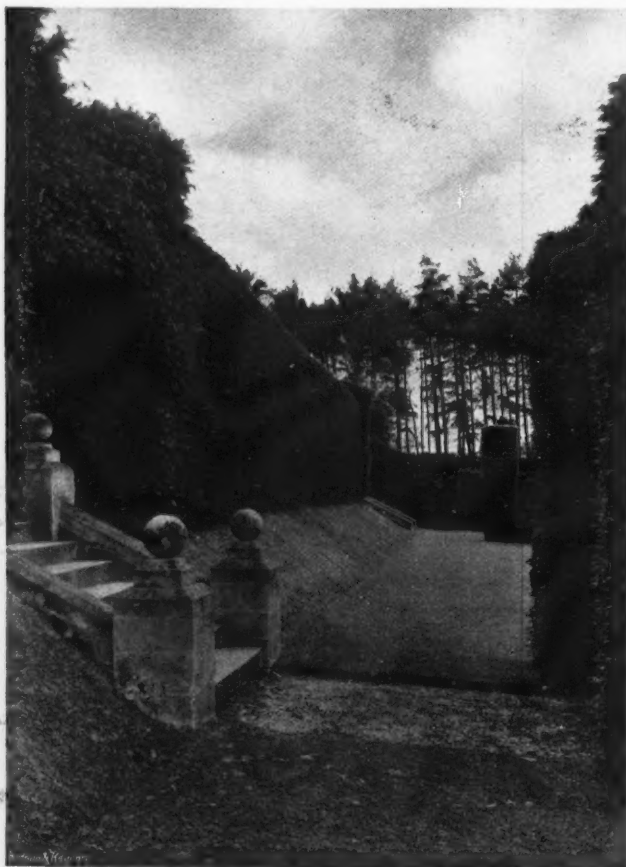
precisely such a psychological moment for introducing a book to the public, and I should not expect anybody to believe me if I made any profession to the contrary. Again, it has been suggested that Mr. Decle shows bad taste in saying that our little English Army even might have a chance against the "half-taught lads, lacking in thews as well as training, and led—or driven—to battle by officers whom either they have never seen until the day of conflict, or whom they know—and hate." But to me it seems that, when a question of taste is to be raised, infinite allowance must be made for the treatment which was measured out to Mr. Decle as a French soldier. Twenty years ago this young fellow, a man of means and of culture, and of high spirits, entered the French Army as a volontaire, that is to say, as a man who, having paid £60 and taken his University degree, was entitled to be let off with one year's service instead of five. Now it must be pretty intolerable at the best of times for a young man of position to serve in the ranks. Still, he must not expect favouritism. This, however, which is Mr. Decle's account of the reception of the volontaire recruits of the 90th Dragoons by their colonel, is carrying the thing rather too far the other way:

"When he appeared he walked past us, surveying each one of us with a disgusted look on his face. He was a harsh, stout, sulky-looking officer. For a few minutes he walked up and down in front of us, talking with our captain and striking his boot with his riding stick. Then, suddenly turning towards us, with one hand in his pocket and the other on the handle of his riding whip, which was stuck under his arm, he addressed us: 'So,' he said, 'you're the volontaires who have been sent to demoralise my regiment. Well, there are a few things I want you to remember: You are serving five times less than other troopers; you will, therefore, have five times more work, five times more punishments, and five times less leave than the rest.' Then, turning towards the non-commissioned officer, 'Dismiss your men,' he said, and at the same time he walked away with our captain. Before dismissing us, our sergeant also saw fit to address us: 'You are now going to be under my orders,' he began, 'and you may have been told that the volontaires who served last year had a good time of it, but if you think you are going to be treated as they were you are jolly well mistaken. I mean to make you work, and to make you work hard too. There are a few hard-mouthed ones among you. I will use the curb with them so as to soon break them in.'

It was after this, not before, that our young recruit "got into trouble" with the authorities, small and great, and learned to know the interior of the French "clink" and the tortures of punishment drill. And it was no wonder; for in all that has ever been written about the internal life of an army there has never been a more scathing exposure of petty tyranny by inferior officers. Without or a moment suggesting that anything like the same amount of sheer bullying ever goes on in an English regiment, it may, however, be permissible to point out that even here there is something of the same kind sometimes. A hectoring colour-sergeant, not adequately watched by the "skipper" and his "subs," may make the lives of recruits a burden to them, and often does so. Most amusing, if the present world-famous example of a similar spirit were not so genuinely sad, is the example given of the disciplinary duty of false swearing. Decle had lent a suit of clothes to a deserter, who, having gone across the frontier, could not be extradited for mere desertion. So he had to be accused of theft, and hence this delicious dialogue, with which I leave an enjoyable if somewhat painful human document:

"'You had a suit of clothes which has been stolen from you by the Sergeant-Major Vaillant?'

"'No,' I said, 'I have had no suit of clothes stolen from me. I lent Sergeant-Major Vaillant a suit of clothes, if that's what you're driving at. . . .'



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A GRASS COVERED WALK.

"C.L."

"What am I to do?" said the old corporal, turning helplessly to his subordinate. "This is a most serious matter. How on earth can I write down that a Dragoon swears that he has had no clothes stolen when his captain says they have been stolen? That is what discipline has come to nowadays," he went on. "When I was in the Guards, if my captain had said to me, 'Bouchard, someone has stolen your clothes,' I should have said, 'Yes, sir!' But now, if the colonel himself were to say to a trooper, 'You're a nigger,' the fellow would reply that he was a white man. And these are the men who are going to lick the Prussians! It breaks my old heart to see such goings on."

FAMOUS HORSES.—II.

THE fact that the paucity of high-class harness horses in this country has induced American breeders to make something more than an attempt to supply our wants in this respect, will probably have the effect of exciting a great deal of interest in the accompanying photographs amongst readers of COUNTRY LIFE. They are the likenesses of Coxey, Von Harbinger, and The Whirl of the Town, respectively the



COXEY.

champion animals at New York Horse Show in the years 1896, 1897, and 1898. The first and last mentioned of the trio were and are still the property of Mr. Charles F. Bates, of New York City, one of the leading exhibitors of America, who is depicted seated in the cart behind them, whilst Von Harbinger was exhibited by Mr. Wiedener, from whose possession he passed into that of Mr. G. Watson, who in turn disposed of him to Mr. George Angus, of Lamberhurst, Kent, in exchange for a cheque for 950 guineas. In the hands of Mr. Angus, Von Harbinger won several prizes in this country; but though he proved himself to be a high-couraged, attractive horse, his successes on this side of the Atlantic scarcely confirmed his American reputation, and, as Mr. Angus has disposed of him to a gentleman who does not exhibit, it is doubtful whether he will again be met with in the show-ring.

Yet the appearance in this country of horses like VON HARBINGER must accomplish much in the way of instructing the horse-breeders of both England and America as regards the tastes of the judges of both countries, though it must be candidly admitted that the differences in formation which exist between the three horses here illustrated may possibly be confusing to the

English mind. COXEY, the winner of 1896, is more of the compact cobby build than either of the others, whilst his thick neck and the set on of his head would not be likely to commend him to all English judges; but his action is superb. Von Harbinger, the hero of 1897, is a taller and far lighter-built horse than either of Mr. Bates's pair, and no doubt his weak middle piece and consequent length of leg prejudiced judges against him on this side when he competed against the more massive type of animal which is usually favoured in England. Then comes THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN—the genial Mr. Bates delights in indulging in singular nomenclature where his horses are concerned—a sort that will at once commend itself to the admirers of harness horses here. Mr. Vero Shaw, when in New York in 1897, selected The Whirl of the Town as the pick of Mr. Bates's stud, and though their owner remained loyal to Coxey, as he was perfectly justified in doing, as the horse was not only the champion of the preceding year, but had been placed next to Von Harbinger upon the then occasion, the Englishman remained unconvinced, his opinion being confirmed twelve months later, when The Whirl of the Town beat a far stronger collection of horses and won the championship at the same show.

There must always, however, be difficulties in comparing the decisions of American judges with those of their English brethren of the show-ring, as the former attach supreme importance to the question of action, and appear to be far less influenced by the consideration of shape and make than the judges on this side are. Hence, no doubt, a reason for the differences that exist in the type of animal selected for the championship at the greatest horse show of the world in three consecutive years. Yet even in judging action the methods of the New York judges struck English visitors to Madison Square Gardens as being very different to ours. They rarely, if ever, got behind or in front of their horses to see how the animals moved when coming to or going from them, the great desideratum in the States appearing to be a well-carried head and tail, and a great side show. Now The Whirl of the Town is, or was sixteen months ago, a good-looking horse from an Englishman's point of view, and what is more he went all round, and this fact no doubt commended him to our countrymen upon the scene.

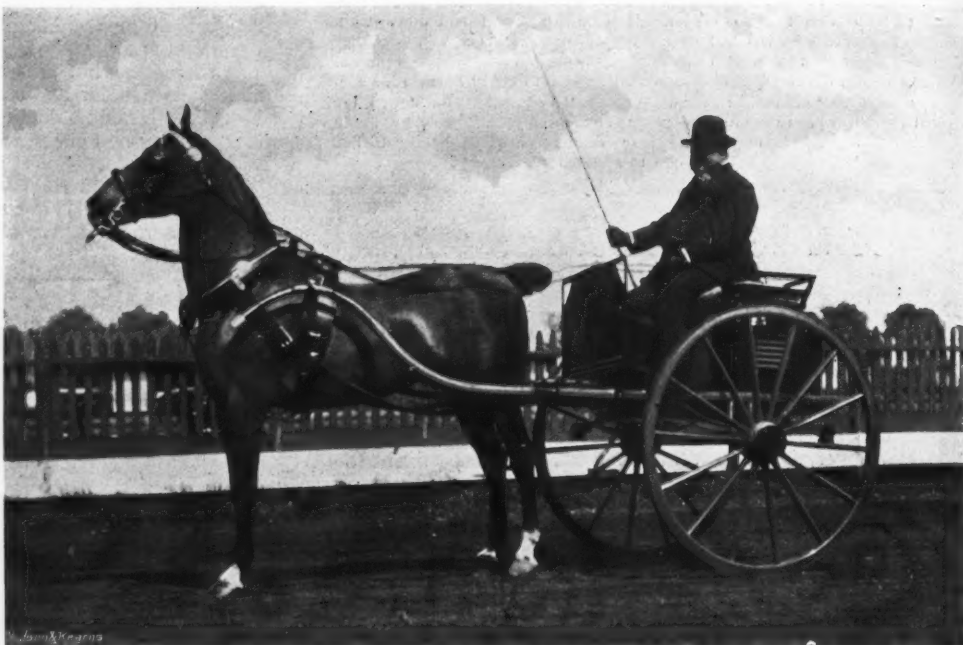
Whilst upon the subject of American horse shows, the existence of a perhaps not universal, but at the same time by no



VON HARBINGER.

means uncommon, practice of imparting Dutch courage to the animals before entering the ring by giving them a dose of whisky-and-water may be referred to. This certainly fulfils its object, but at the same time the custom is not one that is likely to commend itself for imitation here, and at all events it is to be trusted that the day is far off when it will find favour in this country. Our American cousins are likewise past-masters in the art of temporarily patching up unsound horses, or quieting unsteady ones by the administration of drugs, which, in the vernacular of the show-ring there, are styled "dopes." Thus ether may be injected into an unsound limb to ease the pain and cause the horse to go smoothly in the show-ring, or chloral may be administered to an ill-tempered animal to reduce his excitability. In fact, the expression dope covers a multitude of methods which are resorted to in the States by some, though not by any means all, exhibitors who have to patch their horses up.

It cannot be said that such remedies have the approval of all the gentlemen who show horses—indeed, the owners of animals that have been beaten by a doped opponent very often criticise them strongly; but if not actually countenanced, dopes are often winked at, and as there is not much secrecy about their administration, and the veterinary inspectors can scarcely throw out a competitor provided he goes soundly, there is the existence of ancient custom and general knowledge to qualify, if not to justify, their use.



THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN.



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR A SPORTSMAN'S POCKET LUNCHEON.

IN making the following suggestions for a portable luncheon I have endeavoured to give recipes for various forms of food which are calculated to satisfy a healthy appetite and yet which will not be heavy and cumbersome to carry. When preparing a repast of the kind it is well to avoid, so far as possible, any article of diet which would be liable to produce indigestion. For this reason it is advisable to keep to fairly simple fare, without including plain meat sandwiches, which, unless exceptionally well prepared, if eaten too quickly are quite sufficient to cause an attack of indigestion where there is a predisposition to dyspepsia.

FRIED ROLL SANDWICHES.

Procure some small unsweetened coffee rolls, split them open down one side, carefully remove some of the crumb, and spread them on the inside with a farce made according to the recipe given below. Then close the rolls, pressing them well together, and dip them quickly into cream, then into beaten egg, and cover them thickly with fine dry bread-crumbs. Let the rolls stand for a few minutes, and then fry them in a bath of boiling fat until they are a golden brown. Drain them thoroughly on paper in front of the fire before putting them into the larder to get cold. For the farce, take six ounces (or more, according to the number and size of the rolls) of cooked partridge—weighed after being freed from skin and bones—and four ounces of tongue, and pass them together through a mincing machine; then season with black pepper, a dust of cayenne, celery salt, and a very little powdered mace. Pound the mince in a mortar with a little butter, and when it is quite smooth add sufficient thick brown sauce which has been delicately flavoured to form the mixture into a fairly soft paste. If carefully pounded it should be quite smooth, but if this is not the case it should be passed through a wire sieve.

GROUSE CUTLETS.

Make half a pint of thick brown sauce, add a teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract to it, also half a wineglass of sherry, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, and a dessertspoonful of finely-minced celery. Let the sauce boil up, and then simmer for six minutes. Have ready half a pound of minced grouse which has been previously cooked, season it lightly with salt and black pepper,

and add it to the sauce. Let the meat get thoroughly hot while stirring it over the fire for about ten minutes, then remove the saucepan from the stove, stir the beaten yolks of two eggs into the mince, and spread it out on a floured board to cool. When cold cut it out with a medium-sized cutlet cutter, dip the cutlets first into beaten egg and then into bread-crumbs, and let them remain on the board for ten minutes; dip them again into egg, and then cover them thickly with finely-broken vermicelli, and fry in the usual way.

DUTCH EGGS.

Hard boil as many eggs as are required, and when they are quite cold cut them through lengthwise, and slice a little piece off the white, so that the pieces will stand. Remove the yolks, and pound them with plenty of butter, then add some *pâté de foie gras*—allowing a large dessertspoonful to the yolks—and pound again; season with salt, a dust of curry powder, and some white pepper, and stir in sufficient béchamel sauce to make a moderately soft paste. Fill the whites of the eggs with the mixture, and smooth the top so that it may be even with the surrounding white. Brush the pieces of eggs over with some raw beaten egg, and then mask them entirely with a farce composed of chicken and ham; dip them into beaten egg, and then cover them thickly with fine bread-crumbs, and after letting the eggs stand for ten or fifteen minutes for the crumbs to set, fry them in a wire basket in plenty of boiling fat. When they are a golden brown drain them thoroughly, and let them get quite cold before they are packed.

SAUSAGE AND CHICKEN ROLLS.

Parboil some pork sausages, and then cook them thoroughly in the oven, and when they are cold remove the skins, and pass six ounces of the meat through a mincing machine. Mince eight ounces of cooked chicken, mix it with the sausage meat, and pass the mixture through the mincer. Chop some parsley very finely, take a large tablespoonful of it and add to it a teaspoonful of shallot which has been scalded and minced, and a very small pinch of mixed herbs; mix the parsley, etc., with the sausage and chicken, and season well with salt and black pepper; then stir in two eggs, and spread the mixture out on a flat dish and leave it for an hour or so. Take a small quantity of it at a time, and with floured hands form it into miniature sausages; when all the meat has been used, envelop the little sausages in a light medium paste which has been rolled out to a medium thickness, brush them over with beaten egg, and bake them in a well-heated oven.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.

Make some cheese-biscuit paste as follows: Put a quarter of a pound of flour into a basin with half a saltspoonful of salt and the same quantity of cayenne, and rub four ounces of butter into the flour and four ounces of grated Parmesan cheese. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, and moisten them with sufficient beaten yolk of egg to form rather a stiff paste. Turn the paste on to a floured board and roll it out thinly, and cut it into rounds with a medium-sized cutter; prick the biscuits with a fork, and bake them until a pale golden colour in a quick oven. Beat up a small cream cheese, and mix it with an equal quantity of grated cheese, add a dust of curry powder to it, a pinch of cayenne, and a few drops of chilli vinegar. When the cheese biscuits are quite cold spread them with the cheese mixture, and put two together to form the sandwiches.

TOMATO SANDWICHES.

Tomato sandwiches would be a suitable accompaniment to the grouse cutlets, or either of the other dishes suggested above. Cut some tomatoes which are only just ripe into thin slices, and place them on blotting-paper until all the superfluous moisture has been absorbed. Mix some fresh butter with a wooden spoon until it is soft, then season it with celery salt, black pepper, a small quantity of mixed mustard, and sufficient tarragon and chilli vinegar to flavour it and make it slightly acid, then put the butter into a cold place to get firm. Spread some rounds of Hovis bread which have been cut out from slices of medium thickness thickly with the butter, then arrange the slices of tomato on them, scatter a little very finely-minced parsley, tarragon, and shallot over the tomato, and then close the sandwiches and wrap them in lettuce leaves before tying them up in sandwich paper.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

SHOOTING GOSSIP.

THE Government of India has taken a very strong, and it is thought very unnecessary, step in prohibiting the importation of rifles taking Government rifle or carbine ammunition, whether of .303, .450, or .577 calibre, and of all ammunition which can be fired therefrom. This enactment has been passed, apparently, with the view of preventing arms or ammunition being obtained by the native tribes for purposes hostile to the Government. The only exempted persons are officers of the British Army, who are permitted, we believe, to import one rifle each. When we reflect that India is one of the best big game shooting countries, and, therefore, one of the best markets for the sale of English sporting fire-arms, of which the most popular with sportsmen there in these days is the .303 rifle, it can be seen how hardly this new prohibition presses upon the English gun trade, as well as upon English sportsmen resident in India. Rifle thieves in India are successful only because the Government authorities there seem unable to prevent undue leakage by regulations as to the proper care by soldiers of their fire-arms. But instead of attacking the root of the trouble, the authorities think proper to place restrictions on legitimate trade, in no way responsible for the evil complained of. The importation of arms is not only stopped, but by the prohibition of the importation of ammunition also the use of such sporting rifles as are already in the country must be curtailed, and sport thereby greatly interfered with. The most aggravating part of this proceeding, however, at least to English gun-makers and ammunition manufacturers, is that, so far as can be judged, the prohibition does not extend to arms of foreign service patterns, which do not come within the compass of the order. It is certainly a strange state of affairs, somewhat analogous to the recent Persian Gulf dispute, that British-made rifles should be prohibited while the door is left open to Belgian and German-made weapons.

The statistics published by the Washington Bureau of Ordnance on the Spanish-American War are interesting as showing the cost of destroying two Spanish fleets. The Manila fleet was despatched by Admiral Dewey at an expenditure of £9,000 worth of ammunition, while the Santiago one was settled by Admiral Sampson with 7,000 shells, costing £20,000. In the first case each round cost £1 11s. 8d., and in the second £2 17s. 2d. It was undoubtedly a cheap as well as easy victory for the Americans. We ourselves spend more than five times the total bill for ammunition used in naval practice annually.

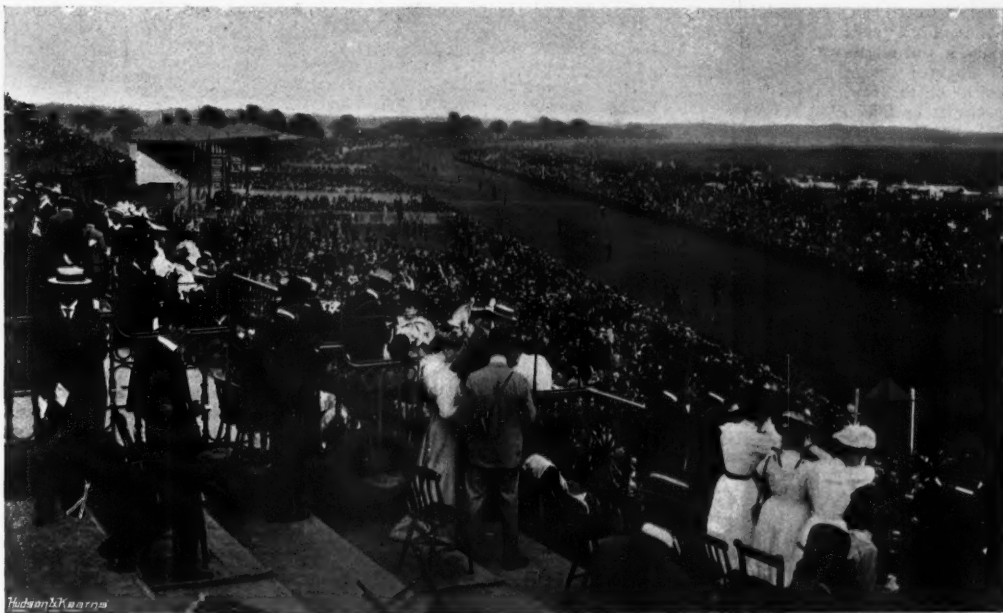
Grouse-shooting over dogs is now beginning to give way on a good many Scottish moors to driving. The Mackintosh holds the record for the largest bag made by driving in Scotland, the Moy Hall moors always yielding a driving party excellent sport. Mr. R. H. Rimington Wilson again holds a similar record for England with the Broomhead bag, and this year one of the largest driving bags in England, so far as reported, was made on these famous moors near Sheffield. On August 30th the day's bag at Broomhead amounted to no less than 2,024 grouse, which fell to nine guns, the party including Lord Powis, Lord Sondes, Lord Savile, Major Waldron, and Messrs. John Penn, M.P., F. E. R. Fryer, T. S. Pearson Gregory, H. Rimington Wilson, and R. H. Rimington Wilson. On the 31st the same party shot 914 rabbits, and on September 1st the bag by driving totalled 920 grouse. The weather on all three days was fine, with a favourable wind. As about 1,000 brace of grouse is about the average best day's bag of the season at Broomhead, it can be seen that this year that figure has been somewhat exceeded, so that the grouse crop there must have been rather above the average of the last ten years.

The United States, strange to say, has no national organisation for the encouragement of rifle-shooting; and when the suggestion was mooted that an American and English team should compete at next year's Bisley, it was found by the would-be organisers that there were no long-range shots in America. Rifle-shooting in America now is conducted only by private sportsmen, and that at short ranges and with artificial aids of all kinds. At least, so the American sporting weeklies tell us, and they call for the adoption of means to encourage long-range shooting as in this country, where it has developed only in conjunction with our Volunteers at Bisley.

We hear that Messrs. Muller and Co. have decided not to put their powder—Mullerite—upon the English market this season, their attention being fully occupied in attending to the requirements of their trade in Belgium. We think they are well advised. NEVIS.

RACING NOTES.

THE most remarkable feature of this year's St. Leger was the general impression which seemed to exist, even up to the very last, that Caiman would prove a better stayer than Flying Fox. The last-named is absolutely bred to stay, had won all his races in the style of a thorough stayer, and had been tried to be a lot better over the St. Leger distance than Calveley, who won the Great Yorkshire Handicap on the first day of the meeting; in spite



W. A. Rouch.

A VIEW FROM THE MEMBERS' STAND.

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of all which sage persons shook their heads, and threw doubts on his lasting out the mile and three-quarters at Doncaster. Caiman, on the other hand, was bred in a country whose representatives have hitherto been more remarkable for speed than stamina, whilst he himself had never been asked to gallop more than a mile in public, and his stable companion, Jiffy II., with a 9lb. pull in the weights, finished a long way behind Calveley in Tuesday's race. And yet there were plenty of good judges who believed that staying would be found to be his strong point, and he started at 4 to 1, whilst if Jiffy II. had won the Great Yorkshire Handicap he would undoubtedly have started favourite instead of Flying Fox.

As a matter of fact so little real confidence had his trainer in Caiman's stamina, that he was ridden entirely for speed in the race itself, neither he nor his stable companion Dominie II., whose supposed mission it was to make running for him, ever trying to set the pace. The disappointing Scintillant was left to do this for a quarter of a mile or so, but it was not good enough for the favourite, who thereupon went to tie front himself, and made his own running for the remainder of the journey. Dominie II. and Caiman both tried to get at him in turn, but without the smallest effect, and the Duke of Westminster's colt cantered home, with his head in his chest, three lengths in front of Caiman, who finished only a length in front of Scintillant.

It was a common argument all the summer through that a horse of Flying Fox's abnormal speed was not likely to be able to stay as well. This, however, cuts both ways, and it may be this very speed which enables him to stay. Certainly nothing which finished behind him last week, as the race was run, was ever going fast enough to find out if he is a real genuine stayer or not. At the same time, looking at his pedigree, and remembering his calm, confident fashion of winning races, I have no doubt myself about his thorough stamina, and he is evidently a really great horse, one that can both go fast and stay well, though that he has ever beaten a really good horse I do not believe, and the rest of



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RETURNING AFTER THE PORTLAND PLATE.

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his age are probably a terribly moderate lot. The good-looking, powerful Caiman is probably best at a mile, over which distance he is no doubt very useful, but he has evidently by no means made the extraordinary improvement since the Guineas which it was claimed for him that he had, and I doubt if he has come on so much since his two year old days as has his great rival, Flying Fox.

That important two year old event, the Champagne Stakes, was a very unsatisfactory affair, and until they meet again, it will remain a disputed point which of the two, Democrat or Simon Dale, ought to have won. The believers in the Yankee gelding have, so far, the best of the argument, in that he did win, though only by a head, and after he had lost a lot of ground by swerving. On the other hand, the believers in Simon Dale point to the fact that for some reason or another he did not seem to be able to act at all in the early stages of the race, and came round the bend so far behind the leaders that it was almost impossible for him to get up in time. That he very nearly did so was evidently chiefly due to the swerving of Democrat. The winner has always been a favourite of mine, being a great, bony, loose-made youngster, and a rare mover, whilst Simon Dale is a charming colt, full of length and quality, his only fault being a somewhat proppy pair of fore legs.

Should these two oppose each other in the Triennial Stakes at Kempton Park we shall see an exciting race, though both might find their master in Forfarshire, the youngest and most promising colt of the three. The speedy and improving Bettyfield showed speed, as did Dusky Queen, but Strongbow, by Morion out of La Fleche, who made 2,700 guineas as a yearling, and whose *début* it was, ran badly, as did the handsome Epsom Lad, who in spite of his good looks and distinguished lineage is, I am afraid, only a commoner.

Another good two year old seen out during the meeting was Vain Duchess, who won the Rous Plate on Thursday from the speedy Lutetia, and the noisy Galtee Queen. This handsome daughter of Isinglass and Sweet Duchess is probably the best filly of her age, and Isinglass, like Orme, is evidently going to



W. A. Rouch. THE BEND OR COLT IN THE SALE RING.

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make one of the greatest sires of modern times, as I always expected of them both, and wrote constantly in these notes that they would, before either of them had sired a winner.

Of the week's handicap horses Calveley comes out the best, having won the Great Yorkshire Handicap on Tuesday and the Doncaster Cup on Friday. In the former event, run over the Old St. Leger course, he gave a year and 7lb. to Rensselaer, and the same to Uncle Mac, who finished second and third, and as he also had Jiffy II., Asterie, Nouveau Riche, Innocence, and Easthorpe, to all of whom he was giving

weight, behind him, we can see now what a reliable tell-tale he must have been about Flying Fox. In the cup on Friday he only had St. Ia and Innocence to beat, which he did with the most consummate ease. Considering that he finished five lengths in front of the last-named, giving him 14lb., he is evidently quite 28lb. in front of the third in this year's Derby, whilst as he is, I believe, all 14lb. behind Flying Fox, it is evident what a lot that colt must have had in hand at Epsom, which argument somewhat discounts the form of Damocles in the same race.

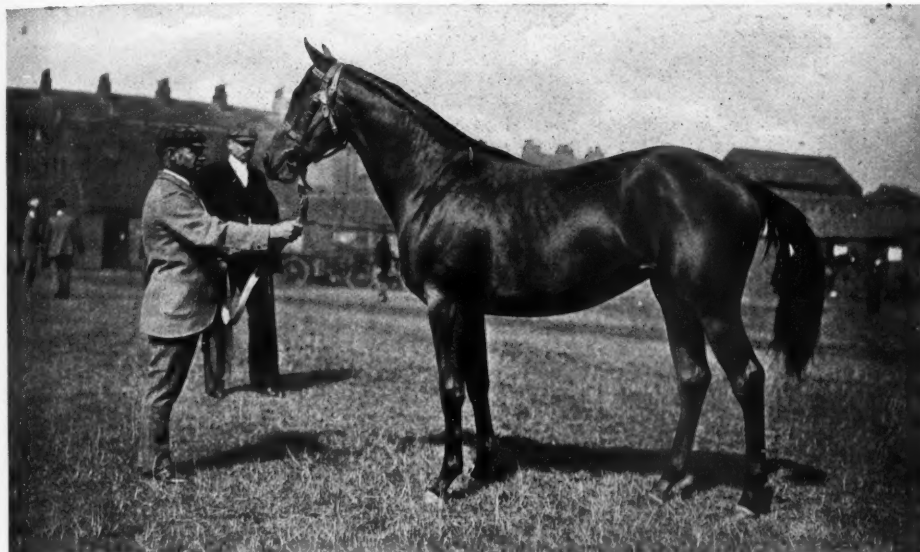
A filly who has made a great name for herself in Ireland is the three year old Irish Ivy, but she had yet to show how she would fare with the class she would meet on this side the St. George's Channel until she last week beat Sweet Marjorie and three others in the Park Hill Stakes, run over the Old St. Leger course. She is a really beautiful filly, and there was decided merit in the style in which she left the useful daughter of Kendal and St. Marguerite in the last two furlongs of that race, so that she looks to be by no means out of the Cesarewitch with 7st. 9lb. Eager put in a great performance when he carried 9st. 12lb. into second place for the Portland Plate, giving no less than 12lb. to Ugly, and finishing a couple of lengths in front of him and seven others, though unable to concede 34lb. to the useful Mazeppa, own sister to that good two year old Blacksmith, and who was evidently unlucky not to win the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood.



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YEARLING COLT, SILVER BAY. BY BEND OR—SILVER SEA.

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FILLY BY BLUE GREEN—CATHERINE II.

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Mazeppa is a curiously-bred filly, being by Wolf's Crag (son of Barcaldine and Lucy Ashton, by Lammermoor) out of Maxima, by Alvarez, son of Beadsman, her dam Duchess, by St. Albans, her dam Bay Celia, by Orlando. She is therefore full of Birdcatcher and Touchstone blood, the former through Solon's dam, Belladrum, and St. Altans, and the latter through Ballyroe's dam, Lammermoor, Mendicant (Beadsman's dam), and Orlando, whilst she gets a good cross of Wild Dayrell on her sire's side, and one of Weatherbit on her dam's.

OUTPOST.

The Doncaster Sales.

INTEREST in the St. Leger having been completely discounted by the superiority of Flying Fox, it may truthfully be observed that the most important feature of the recent Doncaster Meeting was the yearling sales. As is generally the case, the proceedings on the opening day, Tuesday, were unproductive of as great excitement as those of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, as so many possible buyers prefer to linger round the boxes in various parts of the town which contain the most attractive lots for disposal later on in the week. As a result, Tuesday is the day upon which bargains are usually secured, and this year's opening day has apparently proved no exception to the rule. At all events, the price paid by Mr. S. Darling for the colt by Royal Hampton out of Pampas Grass, 710 guineas, is probably a record one for so early a lot of the day, and Mr. W. Westgate, the youngster's breeder, has reason to be proud of the fact, whilst Captain Forester secured a likely sort in the filly by Gallinule—Fair Edith, which cost him just 500 guineas. Lord Crewe's quartette were in Mr. Somerville Tattersall's list, the total reached by them being 900 guineas, one going for as low a sum as 20 guineas; but some good judges expressed the opinion that the filly in question, by Baliol—Lady Lucy II., is by no means unlikely to prove a bargain to Mr. R. Chaloner.

On Wednesday prices improved considerably, the Bruntwood yearlings

and this year no fewer than four of the half-dozen which came up from Sledmere realised 1,550 guineas or over. Two were disposed of at this price, namely, a colt by Kendal—Chrysalis, purchased by Sir J. B. Maple, and a filly by Isinglass—Claribelle, which fell to the bid of Mr. R. Marsh, many considering her to be the best of the Sledmere lot. Mr. C. Betty also



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COLT BY ST. SIMON—SEA AIR.

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secured a nice colt by St. Simon—Mimi for 1,600 guineas, whilst Mr. Larnach, who evidently possesses a strong partiality for the La Fleche blood, went up to 2,300 guineas for a filly by Isinglass—La Fleche. On the concluding day one of the best youngsters of the week, Mr. Ralph Sneyd's filly by Blue Green—Catherine II., was disposed of very cheaply to Mr. Faber.

The Eaton Yearlings.

AS everyone knows, Flying Fox, who has just won the St. Leger, is by Orme out of Vampire, and was bred by the Duke of Westminster at the Eaton Stud. I remember predicting a distinguished future for this youngster when I wrote of him in these columns after seeing him as a yearling at Eaton in 1897. That opinion he has amply fulfilled by winning the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger of 1899, and it will probably be of interest to my readers if I say something about the yearlings which I saw at the Eaton Stud a few weeks ago. These are thirteen in number, among them being several which I thought quite in the first class.

I suppose that I ought to begin with Flying Fox's half-sister, Grey Lady, by Grey Leg out of Vampire. This is a very racing-like filly, with good limbs, and a lot of scope and liberty. Like her sire she is a grey, and if she can gallop as fast as he did when in training she will do. Vampire, who is a grand mare, is by Galopin out of Irony, by Rosebery, so that she is inbred to Blacklock, and has a very good bay colt foal, own brother to Flying Fox, by Orme.



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FILLY BY ISINGLASS—LA FLECHE.

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And here let me say that the Duke of Westminster has this year had all but his best yearling colts added to the list, a step which I have always wondered is not more generally adopted in this country, as it is in America. One that has been so treated is Bright, a clean, sound, fair-sized youngster, with bone and power, by Sheen out of Ornament, and therefore brother to Labrador. He is a better sort than his brother was at the same age, with more power and bone, and will almost certainly race. Another gelding is the pale chestnut Conform, by Orme out of Console. He is the first foal of his dam, who was only three years old when he was born, and he is not a very big one, but he is a nice level youngster, with plenty of bone, and looks like galloping. Ormenus is a strong, compact, short-legged chestnut colt, with length and quality, by Orme out of Ruth, b. Scottish Chief—Hilda. He is a wide, well-let-down colt, particularly good behind the saddle, and a nice light mover. Still better did I like the grey son of Grey Leg and Throstle, Greybird, who combines his sire's symmetry with his dam's length and scope. This is a very good yearling indeed, all wire and whipcord, short over his top, with plenty of length below, and with the best of limbs all round.

Another gelding is Mail, a bright bay by Bend Or out of Gauntlet, and a big, strapping, powerful sort, with good limbs and great lancing quarters; and then we came to the best of all the colts, in my opinion, Garb Or, a bright chestnut by Bend Or out of Bright Alice, by Macheath out of Fair Alice. A wonderful youngster is this, wide in his quarters, short in his legs, full of liberty in front, and with immense power behind, the best of shoulders, well-let-down hocks, and full of power and quality. He is the best of movers, with beautiful hock action, and I put him down as the second best yearling I have seen this year, the best being Mr. Simons Harrison's son of Bend Or and Silver Sea, who made 3,000 guineas at Doncaster last week. That Garb Or would make at least as much were he put up for sale I have not the slightest doubt.

I have already alluded to one of the fillies, Flying Fox's half-sister, Grey Lady, and the next of this sex that I was shown was the really beautiful Quest, a nice-sized whole bay sister to Frontier, by Orme out of Quetta, by Bend Or—Dourance. Racing Cup is a very neat bloodlike daughter of Grey Leg and Kissing Cup, by Hampton from Sterling Love, rather small, but full of quality and racing shapes, and all action. A very pretty filly, of fair size,



W. A. Rouch.

THE DONCASTER SALE PADDOCK.

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well balanced, and active, is Far Best, by Best Man out of Farewell, by Doncaster from good old Lily Agnes. She is quite of the same type as her sire, and full of quality. Rydal Mount, by St. Serf out of Rydal, by Bend Or from Windermere, is, of course, own sister to Lowood, and will make even a finer mare, with more bone and power; but Skimmery, a chestnut filly by Orme out of St. Mary, I did not care so much about, smart as she undoubtedly is.

This completes the list of the Duke of Westminster's 1899 crop of yearlings, in my opinion one of the best lots I have seen at Eaton for many years. Perhaps I liked the fillies the best, taken as a lot, Quest, Rydal Mount, and Grey Lady being all three beautiful yearlings, as also is Far Best; but I am bound to put the colt Garb Or in front of all, whilst I shall be very much mistaken and disappointed if Greybird does not make a race-horse of class.

Of the sires, Bend Or, Orme, and Grey Leg, and the incomparable collection of brood mares at the Eton Stud, I shall have something to say in a future article.



AT THE THEATRE

"THE SILVER KING."

I was submitting "The Silver King" to a very severe test. To reproduce a play written seventeen years ago is risky enough, but when that play is a melodrama it is positively rash. And to reproduce a seventeen year old melodrama at a theatre of the calibre of

the Lyceum sounds even foolhardy. But with Mr. Wilson Barrett there is no such word as fail in these latter years, and "The Silver King" is once again a popular triumph.

To say that this, one of the best melodramas ever placed upon the stage, does not show signs of wear, would be to state that which is not. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and the late Henry Herman's play shows on its face that it was not written yesterday or even the day before yesterday. Its soliloquies, its perverid sentiment, are its birthmarks. But that is not the wonder. The wonder is that it should have aged so little. It is a better melodrama to-day than any that are being written to-day—a very much better melodrama. It is by far a better melodrama than those we have seen of late years which have sought—and sometimes, with a measure of success—to conform to the enlightened spirit of the age, to abolish soliloquies, villainy unredeemed, and the rest of the old hall-marks. In abolishing

the crudities of melodrama these modern plays have almost abolished its strength, its intensity, and its pathos.

We found—there in the classic Lyceum—that "The Silver King" has a splendid root motive, that its language, restrained and nicely turned as it is, would do credit to work of a much higher genius, that it has that quality of tears, now almost completely banished from the stage. To say that the main theme is not made the most of, that occasionally the interest flickers, that we wander off into bypaths when we should keep to the main road, is merely to say that the play is not a masterpiece. To say that some of the characters are perilously near to caricature, while others are almost impossibly villainous or impossibly virtuous (yet Nature in these respects could often "give points" to the most mellow melodrama), is merely to say that it is melodrama. On the other hand, many of the characters are most skilfully and artistically conceived—notably old Jaikes, and Wilfrid Denver, the hero. He is by no means an immaculate hero; he gambles his wife and children to ruin, drinks himself almost to death and almost to murder, and only wins his way back to virtue by repentance and reform.

Take a man maddened with drink, give him cause to hate violently another man, let that other insult his wife, let the



drunkard set after him with murder in his heart and a pistol in his pocket, let him arrive at the place of his enemy, and, as he enters the room, be drugged. Then, when he awakes, and finds the corpse of his enemy stretched stark beside him, will he doubt for a moment that he is a murderer, will not an awful remorse possess him, will he not live an outcast, with the never-ceasing agony of the slayer of a man? That is the plot and pivot of "The Silver King"—it is a motive strong enough almost for a Greek tragedy.

Mixed up with this in "The Silver King" are a band of highly improbable but extremely exciting villains, and the pathetic trials of Wilfred Denver's wife, who undergoes the most terrible privations, supported only by the love of her little children and of the faithful old servant Jaikes. And when Denver returns, a multi-millionaire, and may not disclose his identity, but tends them and watches over them, we get very excellent drama indeed; and when he has cleared his name and discovered that it was not he, but the Spider—most gentlemanly of villains, who dines with the aristocracy before he steals their jewels and their plate—we have as touching a scene of joy between the man and his wife as the stage has to show.

To see this frank melodrama at the Lyceum gives one a curious feeling—tradition and association count for so much. It is tradition and association only, for there is nothing unworthy in "The Silver King," either in art or in ethics. Nor is the representation of the play unworthy of the theatre. Mr. Barrett's Denver is exactly what such a character in such a play ought to be. His effects are broad, and the high lights are brilliant, but there are many moments of quiet art in the acting, and many touches of genuine feeling unobtrusively expressed. No more tender or winning a heroine than Miss Maud Jeffries could be imagined, she is so womanly, so plaintive. Mr. Horace Hodges, as the dear old Jaikes, gives a quiet and touching portrait of the devoted servant, and the other parts are, for the most part, in hands more than merely capable.

"THE Last Chapter," a new play by Mr. George Broadhurst, at the Strand Theatre, calls for no detailed comment. It is an inoffensive little thing, but contains nothing either fresh or brilliant, and so it may be allowed to rest. Mr. Wise, an American actor, however, made a distinct success in the character of a Western prospector.

Nor need we concern ourselves with "A Trip to Midget-Town," at the Olympic. Neither from the Lilliputian nor the spectacular point of view is there anything to attract a London audience. The midgets are not objectionable, but neither are they, with one exception, very clever—at least that was the impression of those present on the first night. The exception is Mr. Adolf Zink, a captivating little man, good-looking, graceful, lively, versatile, and artistic. He might have been a particularly smart boy, and there is nothing in him, except his height, to suggest the abnormal. As for the processions and ballets, they are not at all up to metropolitan standard.

Had it not been for the postponement of "The Ghetto" at the Comedy Theatre, this issue of COUNTRY LIFE would have contained a commentary upon a theatrical event of a little more than usual interest. A little more, because it is an adaptation by a very clever young American dramatist, Mr. Fernald, the author of "The Cat and the Cherub," of a Dutch play by Herr Heyermans, a playwright of Continental reputation, and also because in it Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew make their re-entry. Before these lines reach their readers, this play will have been produced.

On the same evening, also, an adaptation from the German by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Leonard Merrick, a farce entitled "The Elixir of Youth," will have had its fate decided at the Vaudeville—let us hope favourably.

The future, however, still contains some appetising fare—notably "King John" at Her Majesty's, and "Hearts are Trumps" at Drury Lane. When the new farce is done at the Criterion and Mr. Wyndham has opened his new theatre the season may be considered to be in full swing.

The letter of Mr. Sydney Grundy to the papers, *in re* his new play at the Haymarket, "The Degenerates," reminded us of old times, when Mr. Grundy was often up in arms against his critics. Once again he blesses the pit by his pen and anathematizes the stalls—which means the critics—by inference. His explanation of the scheme and motive of his play came as a boon and a blessing, for, previously, we had been a little in the dark. It may be urged by the *intransigents* that a play, or any work of art, should explain its own motive; but, if we cannot have it that way, we should be grateful to the author who takes the trouble to explain afterwards what he really does mean. No one bears Mr. Grundy any grudge because of "The Degenerates," though at first one was a little sorry to see an author of the standing of Mr. Grundy descending to "The Degenerates." But the best of us have our lapses, and we are all looking forward to "The Black Tulip," Mr. Grundy's adaptation from Dumas, with which Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Cyril Maude, and the Haymarket company return to their theatre. Metaphorically speaking, the playhouse, the chosen home of sweetness and light under the rule of Messrs. Harrison and Maude, will want deodorising after the interregnum under the presidency of Mrs. Langtry.

Sir Arthur Sullivan and Captain Basil Hood have changed their minds, and the Australian opera upon which they were at work will not be the next production at the Savoy after all. They have reverted to an earlier idea, and have decided to finish the work upon a Persian subject, which they had half concluded when they broke off and began the other.

PHŒBUS.

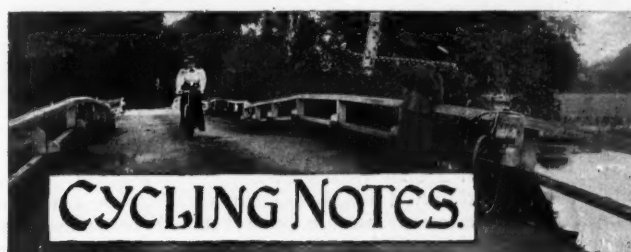
The Staghounds on the Quantock Hills.

THE annual visit of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds to these hills took place on September 4th, when they met at Bagborough Plantation Gate; the nearness of two large towns like Taunton and Bridgwater ensured a great crowd of carriage folk, bicyclists, and such-like. It was a great day for them. The sun shone, the breeze blew, and the hills were looking their very best. In spite of the adamant state of the ground, the harbourer had marked the whereabouts of a stag, which was quickly roused, and in turn roused

others. The result was a long delay in covert before the stag could be induced to break. This he did at length, and then a most enjoyable hunt ensued. The pace was slow, scent was bad, hounds could not hunt it fast, but went quite as fast as anyone wanted in such tropical heat. The riders pressed rather unduly on hounds at times, but after Haresknap was passed the nature of the ground gave the latter some advantage. Running the whole length of the Quantock Hills, the stag jumped into Sir Alexander Acland Hood's lovely park at St. Audries and made straight for the sea. Here he was captured by the boats from a yacht which happened to be close at hand. When the stag broke covert some hounds stuck to the line of another deer, and after running him up and down the woods for a couple of hours they set him up to bay in the water in Seven Wells Combe.

The second meet was held at Triscombe Stone, after a certain amount of rain had fallen, but with the promise of more to follow, a condition of things which did not tend to improve scent. A good stag was very quickly roused in Cockercombe, which persistently ran the woods for many hours, even when the pack had been laid on his line instead of the tufters. After exploring every fastness in Mr. Stanley's huge woods he crossed over to Sir Alexander Hood's property, and for a long time eluded hounds. Patience and perseverance were at length rewarded, and after a tiring, hot, slow day the stag was brought to hand almost at the same spot at which the second stag had been killed on Monday. Heavy rain fell all night, and though the heat was overpowering when we met at Crowcombe Park Gate, it felt as if there might be a scent. Horses dripped with sweat and lather as we jogged over deep heather to the edge of Thoneycombe, where in some furze a stag had been harboured. Tufters roused him in a moment, and then one could realise there was a scent; the stag knew it. At the first burst of music he was away, with a bound he cleared the enclosure, and stretched away over the heather, his wide branching antlers showing finely as he went over the sky-line. The pack was soon laid on, and then we had to ride as fast as we have done at any time this season, fast enough to cause the stag to lie up to catch his wind in about fifty minutes. The stag went yard for yard where the deer had done on Monday; we scrambled up and down the same steep paths, horses came on their heads over the same bits of rough ground, and then we found ourselves once more speeding along in front of Sir Alexander Hood's hospitable house, and so to the beach. Here the stag jumped up before hounds, and they raced him in view over half a mile of sand, and plunged into the sea at his haunches. It was a most lovely sight, both over the sand and afterwards in the water. The stag swam high in the water, just clear of the pack, which swam after him trying to get to him, and every hound giving tongue. They swam right out to sea, and the afternoon being hazy they disappeared from sight. No friendly boat was at hand, and it looked as if the pack would be drowned, as a strong tide was setting up the Channel. All interest in taking the stag had gone—to save hounds was the problem. Until the arrival of the boat from Watchet nothing could be done but blow upon the horn, and that Anthony did as he had probably never blown before.

A straggler now and again came ashore in pitiable plight, then the boat rescued some more, but it was not till upwards of two hours that Anthony could account for eighteen out of nineteen couples. The boat also brought in the body of the stag. The week must be considered successful, for in three days' hunting four stags were killed and a hind captured and saved.



CYCLING NOTES.

ON more than one occasion I have put forth the contention that a ratchet is preferable to a roller clutch where the making of a free wheel hub is concerned. In the latter device the rollers revolve on inclined planes, and very little perspicuity is needed to show that in course of time these planes are bound to become worn. I have just received a striking confirmation of my contention, for while in a cycle agent's shop the other day I was shown a free wheel hub which had become absolutely useless. It was of the roller and inclined plane variety, and nothing could more singularly establish the truth of my prediction. The planes were no longer inclined, but were perfectly flat, with the effect of giving a free wheel in both directions; in other words, the machine could not be driven at all. No doubt the hardening process may be carried out to a degree which will defer this state of things for a considerable time; but in the present instance the machine had not been ridden even 200 miles. The assumption is that it was a particularly soft specimen; but even if the wearing out of the planes could be deferred to the 2,000th mile, the average cyclist can scarcely be expected to trust himself to a device which at some time or other is sure to fail, and ignominiously.

According to the *Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette*, the membership strength stood at 59,682 on August 20th, and as some time has elapsed since the September list was made up, the total membership must now be over 60,000, a result on which the club has every reason to congratulate itself. Very interesting is the skeleton statement, published in the *Gazette*, which shows the gradual increase in the membership from August 5th, 1878, to the present time. From 144 in 1878 the total advanced to 21,984 in 1888, but fell to 14,166 in 1894, since when the club has progressed by leaps and bounds, and may be expected to reach 70,000 before the end of the year 1900. Another interesting feature is the statement of assets over liabilities, which have risen from £668 11s. 2d. in 1882 to £15,880 3s. 11d. in 1898. Of the latter amount £14,390 19s. 6d. is invested in Consols. The current number of the *Gazette* is commemorative in character, and among its contents is a copiously-illustrated article by Mr. E. R. Supton entitled "The Early Days of the C.T.C." To the newer recruits of the pastime, the photographs of the old-time cyclists, their uniforms, and their machines, will be peculiarly instructive.

In describing the recent commemorative tour which a party of C.T.C. members undertook in the English Lake District, I referred to their humorous experience on Lake Windermere, when the Furness Railway Company allowed a horde of excursionists to invade the special steamer which had been exclusively

chartered by the C.T.C. members. I am glad to say, however, that the company has acknowledged its transgression, and has waived all charge for the use of the steamer. It would have been strange if the result had been otherwise, for the company in question has earned the reputation of treating cyclists more liberally than any other in regard to the issue of tickets for their machines. The Furness Railway, I believe, is the only line on which it is possible to book a return ticket for one's machine. As is well known, a cyclist usually pays for a much longer distance than his machine is carried, as the charges are made up for given stages instead of for the actual distance covered. On the Furness Railway, however, if one took a sixpenny ticket for one's machine to a place six miles away, one could bring the machine back to the starting-point without additional payment. The original sixpence is good for twelve miles, which the company in question interprets into meaning either two miles at a stretch or twelve miles there and back, at the option of the rider.

Cyclists who ride with dogs incur the double reproach of cruelty to animals and of endangering the safety of other riders. It is true that a dog can be trained to follow a machine, but the animal is likely enough, even if careful to keep out of the way of his master's back wheel, to collide with the front wheel of another rider. Nor is the dog-owning cyclist inevitably assured of his own safety, for it has more than once happened that the animal has collided with

the very machine it was following. The latest victim is a lady who was cycling in Flintshire, and while she was turning a sharp corner a dog that was with her ran into her front wheel. She was thrown violently into the road, and very badly cut and bruised about the head and face; her jaw was also dislocated. The bicycle is a very convenient means of giving a dog exercise, but accidents of this kind illustrate only too forcibly the risks which attend the practice.

The cycle tax in France serves one useful purpose, namely, that of illustrating the growth of the pastime in that country. So great has been the rise of auto-mobilism on the other side of the Channel that some diminution might have been expected in the Frenchman's enthusiasm for the cycle; the actual figures, however, speak emphatically to the contrary effect. In 1894, the first year of taxation, the number of machines was 203,036; in 1895 it was 256,084; in 1896, 329,816; and in 1897, 408,869. The figures for last year, however, have just been published, and show a total of 483,414, or nearly half a million. It may confidently be expected, however, that the figures for the present year will greatly exceed even this total, for not only is the pastime showing no signs of diminution, but the regulations introduced this year with respect to the carrying of a plaque will ensure a more widespread payment of the Imperial tax, which many riders have previously found it possible to evade.

THE PILGRIM.

WILD DUCK AND PHEASANT.

THE wild duck is apt to be rather a quaint person as a mother. She often seems to have the most singular ideas about sites appropriate for the nursery. It is practically an essential for the well-being of her babies that the nursery should be close by the water's side, for the little ones like to take to the water as soon as hatched. They have small use for the land except to rest on, and they are rather restless. The water is their element, and yet the old mother duck will sometimes choose for her nesting-place a spot remote by more than a hundred yards from any water; sometimes she will even choose the humble, but yet considerable, height of a pollard willow; and how she conveys her young brood from these situations to the water is one of those problems of natural history which, like the cuckoo's way of conveying her egg into a wren's nest, will probably go on vexing till the end of time. There are theories in plenty, but no certainty. And often she will make her nest or lay her eggs (for her notions of nest architecture are primitive) in a spot that seems specially selected for its absence of covert. And yet no one can say that she is not an affectionate, even an over-anxious, mother. When you come near her nest and startle her off it, she does not go away, as a wise woman would, stealthily, secretly, so as not to reveal to you its existence, but with a flutter and a commotion, and often with an affectation of a broken wing (as if to lead you off in pursuit of her, rather than leave you looking for her eggs), that tells you as



SITTING CLOSELY.

plainly as if she had quacked it out, "I have a nest there. Please do not go looking for it, but come and catch me; I have a broken wing." She has a charming idea of human simplicity.

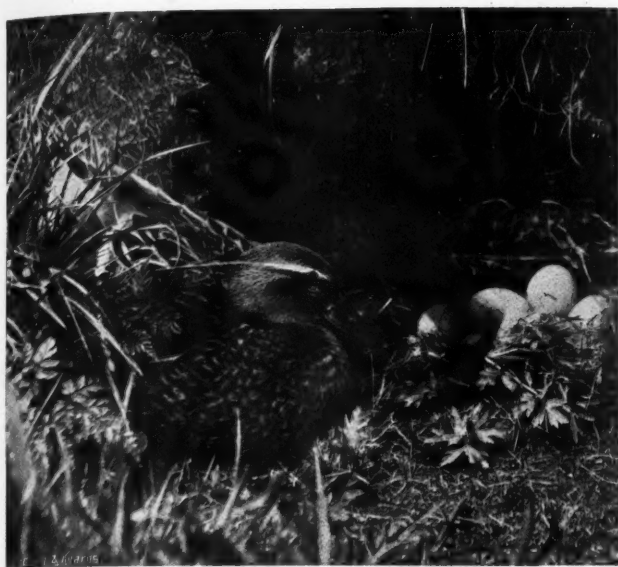
She has only too many reasons for her over-anxiety. It is quite pitiful. She is a pitiful object herself, as she goes about in her lame and incompetent fashion. But the real dangers that menace her young family are many and terrible.

On shore, as soon as hatched, or even while still in the shell, they are the most attractive prey of rats, both grey rats and water-voles, and no sooner do they take to the water than a hungry pike is looking out to gobble them up; or a heron, ostensibly bent on fishing, is not at all above skewering one of them on his bayonet beak, if it should come his way. So all these adequate causes for most poignant anxiety more than excuse mother duck for her fussiness, even if they be no excuse for her habit of pitching her nursery tent in sites that really are not very eligible.

But the mother of our pictures has chosen a fairly secluded spot. For the most part she will be found SITTING CLOSELY, if she be approached with caution, or else will move just a foot or so from her nest, and remain WATCHING JEALOUSLY, lest her eggs take any harm. And close beside her in the same covert is a mother PHEASANT ON HER NEST, less suspicious and more trustful, for she is something of a domesticated person,



PHEASANT ON HER NEST.



WATCHING JEALOUSLY.

having been brought up under a barn-door hen, and so learning the ways of civilisation. If the wild duck mother could learn only a portion of her trustfulness she would be a more contented woman.

Ten Minutes of Life.

IN the brief space of a surprising ten minutes a salmon gave me such a store of sensation and exciting experiences as sticks in a man's memory for life, and as only a salmon can give a man. It was boat-fishing, too, a kind of fishing in which one loses much of the delight that ought by right to belong to salmon-fishing; but once you have hooked your fish and been landed, the fun is just the same. Only in the present instance the best of the fun, or the worst of the excitement, was over before ever we got to land; for we hooked the fish in mid-stream, and away we both went, we for the shore, and he for goodness knows where—the sea most likely. I was fishing with a big rod and reel, and a good store of line, for the fish ran large and ran far. Even as we came to the shore the fish was still running out the line, and I saw it getting low on the reel, not without anxiety, and what between the boatman's desire to get me ashore to follow the fish before all the line was out, and his natural clumsiness, which was considerable, the fellow bumped the boat on to a jag of rock, and me with a shock into the bottom of the boat. Most unpleasant, even painful; but I forgot my affliction of body in my affliction of spirit at seeing the reel suddenly whisked off the rod, and carried with a bang hard up against the first ring. No doubt as I felt I had gripped the butt of the rod wildly, and so loosened the ring that held the reel in place. There was nothing I might not have done in the convulsive agony of mind and body in that fearful fall.

Then the boatman, with a readiness of resource that made me forgive his previous clumsiness, quickly snatched the reel from the rod and took a hitch of the line round a peg of the rowlock. This saved the rod from the solid strain, and for a moment it was tug-of-war between the fish and the line and the rowlock. The length of line that was out gave a certain play, no doubt, and in two more strokes of the sculls we were aground. During the painful moment or two that it took me to recover from the shock and the disorder of my fall, this very excellent boatman (it was so that I could now speak of him to myself) had readjusted the reel on the rod, had slipped the hitch of the line from the rowlock's peg, and was now handing me the rod as I was ready to step ashore.

After that the story becomes the familiar and the satisfactory one. The fish, *mirabile dictu*, was still fast on. I followed him and brought him to the gaff. He was of no portentous size, as, to make the story quite complete, he should have been; but that fish, of all that I have taken in the annals of my salmon-fishing, gave me the most painful and most exciting sensations crammed into the briefest space of time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANARY SICKLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you can give me some information in the "Correspondence" column regarding the treatment of a canary. I think something must be wrong with his skin, as his feathers are always ruffled up the wrong way, leaving bare patches in places. For some time he has been like this, and he does not eat well; he is fed on canary-seed, and nearly every

day some green food, such as groundsel. I should be very glad if you or any of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE could give me an answer.—L. T. MCC.

[Your bird is no doubt moulting, but the process of renewing the feathers is unduly protracted from its being in a low state of health. Although the annual casting of the feathers is a natural process, it is often attended with veritable disease in the case of cage-birds. It would be advisable to supply your canary with abundance of food of a more generous quality, as canary-seed alone is not sufficiently stimulating to carry it through its moult. Add to its diet flax, maw, and hemp seed; vary its green food, giving water-cress occasionally; put a rusty nail in its drinking water to provide it with a mild tonic; guard against draughts of cold air and sudden changes of temperature; while a little bread and milk newly prepared may be given daily. Plenty of coarse grit sand should be supplied to assist digestion, to which should be added some old mortar, powdered. A protracted moult frequently arises both from general debility and from lack of some of the elements necessary to the elaboration of new feathers, such as are contained in cuttle-fish bone; in fact, there is nothing better for keeping birds in health than the latter, a piece being placed between the wires of the cage for them to nibble at.—ED.]

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—In your issue of August 5th I notice a correspondent who wishes some information in regard to Hawaii. I have in my library three books that might be of service to him. "Hawaii's Story," by Liliuokalani, published by Lea and Shepard, Boston, is an interesting account of the revolution, and some of the Hawaiian customs; "Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan," by Charles M. Taylor, jun., published by G. W. Jacobs, Philadelphia; and "Our Island Empire," by Charles Morris, published by Lippincott, Philadelphia. The two latter are brief accounts of the islands, their beauties, character, etc., and might possibly be of use.—E. M. GODWIN.

A SELF-INVITED GUEST.

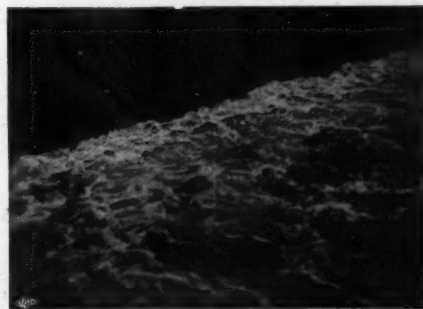
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I think it may interest some of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE to hear of a robin which, entirely of his own accord, has become a member of our household—I might almost say of our family. He made friends with us last summer, when, as usual, we spent the greater part of our time in the garden. Sitting under a tree on the lawn we noticed the shabby-looking little bird that came hopping round our chairs, especially when tea was brought out and there were crumbs to be had. If we played croquet he would follow from hoop to hoop, chirruping at us, and evidently taking the greatest interest in the game. Frequently he would dart up and hover round the head of one of the players, as though criticising a bad stroke. Later on, when we were not so much out of doors and our friend had become full-grown and had developed a red breast, he visited us in the house, beginning by sitting on the window-sill of the dining-room singing to himself, then, gradually becoming bolder, he flew from chair to chair, and finally descended upon the table, where, having once made acquaintance with the butter-dish, he never failed to find his way. After this he always appeared in any room where he heard voices; and in October, when one of my sisters was married, he took the greatest interest in all the proceedings, inspected the wedding clothes which were laid out in her room, sampled the cake and other refreshments, and, in the afternoon, when the rooms were full of guests, he also was there, flying from one piece of furniture to another, chirruping and singing to himself. All through the winter the robin was a most constant visitor, coming into the dining-room in the mornings directly the window was opened. He always came and perched on the carriage when it came to the door. In January we went abroad, and on our return in April our first enquiries were for the robin. We were told that he had not been seen for some time, so concluded that family cares had put us out of his mind. But on June 29th, as we were sitting at breakfast, a little chirrup was heard, and, behold, our friend, who made straight for the butter-dish, as though he had never been away from it, which was the more strange as we had some children staying with us and the table was larger and fuller than usual. He now comes in every day, and has lately made acquaintance with a ham, which evidently meets with his approval. He stands on it and makes a large meal, beginning with the bread-crumbs, of which he makes a clearance all round him before starting on the ham itself. As I write I hear a little chirp, and, looking round, discover my friend on my chair. He is talking to another robin outside, probably his son, whom he is trying to induce to come in too.—A. M. H.

A RUNNING SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I enclose you a snap-shot of a salmon running over a weir at Carnaroe, on the river Bann. It was rather a "lucky shot," as the weir is over 100 yds. broad and about 8 ft. in height, and, though there is of course a salmon ladder, the fish did not avail themselves of it much, but ran over the weir as shown in the photograph in great numbers after a flood. I only saw a few cases of large, heavy fish that failed to surmount the obstacle.—L. N.



PROPAGATING HONEYSUCKLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—Can you inform me what time of the year is the best for planting cuttings of honeysuckle, and how they have to be planted?—K. SCHOFIELD.

[It is not difficult to propagate honeysuckles by striking at once this season's growths which are moderately ripened. As the time is going by for the work, it will be better to strike the cuttings in a frame than in the open ground. Plant out in the spring. The best time for inserting the cuttings out of doors is mid-August, choosing a shady spot, and inserting them up to the top joint in a light compost. There is nothing difficult about the matter.—ED.]

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your remarks *re* hanging gardens in London, in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, I enclose a photograph of the method in which I utilise the little space which I have at command. I have, unfortunately, no garden at the back of my house, and my yard is of very limited area, but I manage to "farm" some nine or ten fowls, and also taste the joy which a patch of garden in the heart of London ever brings. The creeper-clad wall at the back of the picture is the gable of my neighbour's house, to which my own corresponds, 18ft. off, while the other sides are bounded by high brick walls, the entire space enclosed being 18ft. by 15ft. The garden bed seen on top of the fowlhouse is 7ft. broad and slopes from back to front, with a depth of 2ft. of soil at the back and 1ft. at the front. The border of greenery covering the front is the common Creeping Jenny, whilst various "carpet-bedding" plants are used in the design, in a space such as this it being permissible, I think, to utilise this debatable style of gardening art. The plants are kept carefully pinched and trimmed, and the care of my miniature Babylonian creation affords me much genuine pleasure during the summer months.—R. T. FOXLEE.

SOIL FOR HERBACEOUS BORDERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would kindly let me know what soil and subsoil is best for laying out herbaceous borders.—B. H. WEBB.

[Perennial flowers require no special soil as a rule, although, of course, there are exceptions, and these should be given the necessary individual treatment. A border should be well made, that is, if the subsoil forms a kind of hard pan or cake, as is sometimes the case, it must be broken up. Good loam should be the staple soil, mixed with well-decayed manure, as over-dosing soil with manure is a mistake. That may be given in the form of a top dressing later. It is wise to see that the loam does not contain wireworms, which will play havoc with young plants, carnations and pinks in particular. When making the border make allowance for the soil sinking. This is an excellent time to begin.—ED.]

EGGS WITHIN EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your most excellent paper, COUNTRY LIFE, which I have taken in for the past twelve months, gives an account this week (September 2nd) of a freak of Nature, an egg within an egg, which freak you seem not only to doubt, but absolutely to discredit! I don't hold a brief for Mr. Picken, of whom I never heard, but I myself have no doubt of the truth of his story, and for this reason, that I have come across the same thing myself, which I will relate in as few words as possible. When living at Darsham Cottage, Saxmundham, I kept at one time a lot of ducks, and one morning I picked up a monstrous egg laid by one of them. I took it straight to the cook, and asked her to break it. She did so, and said, "Why, it's all white and no yolk." And so at first it appeared as the white came streaming out. But, behold, where the yolk should have been was another perfect egg of the usual size and substance. The cook then broke this, and within was the yolk of a perfect egg! I at once wrote down the details of this phenomenal egg, and were I at home I would have sent these details; but I don't return to my home in Cornwall till the end of the month, when, if you wish, I will send them. If I remember right, I weighed and measured the egg before it was broken. I thought, of course, that this was an absolutely unique experience, and I spoke of it to a friend of mine in the neighbourhood who was a well-known poultry fancier, and he told me that it was not by any means a unique instance, that he had come across it before, and that it was "the result of high living"! I thought so, too, when I got the miller's bill for what those ducks consumed! You are at perfect liberty to publish this letter in COUNTRY LIFE, or make what use of it you please.—F. W. BROOKE.

[A "Constant Reader" sends an account of a similar egg, which came into his way at breakfast. Miss Tuckerman, too, describes an American egg of like



character. We have also received a letter, not for publication, from Mr. Picken on this subject; but we are glad to say that he has not misunderstood the meaning of our observations. Nothing could have been further from our desire, or for that matter from our language, than to impute anything approaching to bad faith to Mr. Picken. All that we said was that upon the data supplied by Mr. Picken, which were the best that were accessible to him, it would be imprudent to accept the phenomenon as a scientific and absolutely demonstrated fact. Mr. Picken's egg, be it remembered, was brought to him, and it was described as having been found broken in the form shown in our illustration. His theory was that the egg had been burst by the heat, and that theory was disposed of to our mind by the indentations around the fracture, which was such as to suggest the operations of a bird of prey, say a jay or jackdaw. Moreover, the principal fracture was so large that a trick might possibly have been played upon Mr. Picken, and upon the lady who brought him the egg. It does not serve to say that nobody was likely to have attempted to play such a trick. All hoaxes are silly; but hoaxes are a more or less prevailing fact notwithstanding; even we, in days less solemn than these and at the lively age of fourteen or thereabouts, obtained much childish pleasure while an archaeological society took luncheon in the middle of the task of excavating a tumulus. It was silly, no doubt; but it was the best of fun to see our one or two fabricated relics disinterred and accepted, for the moment at any rate, as authentic. Every curious phenomenon ought, in fact, to be tested with the utmost strictness; and as long as "the human boy" endures, it will be unwise to exclude the hypothesis of a trick until it is made certain that none has been played. Mr. Brooke's example, on the other hand, is clearly one which must be accepted. His explanation of it, partly hearsay and partly playful, stands on another footing. So, really, does the following *a priori* explanation of a similar phenomenon given by the editor of the *Field*, which is ingenious, but not conclusive, and a trifle too dogmatic in tone: "The explanation of the curiosity is as follows: Normally, the yolk, as it passes down the long oviduct, is enveloped in the concentric layers of the white, then the membrane, and finally the shell. If in place of being extruded, an abnormal reversed action of the oviduct takes place, the egg is carried back, and, meeting with a second descending yolk, both are included in the outer coverings, and one egg within another results." These are *sesquipedalia verba*, indeed. Perhaps "high living" may have caused the "abnormal reversed action of the oviduct." Meanwhile, we thank Mr. Brooke for his letter, and remind him that to say that the existence and the genesis of a phenomenon are not demonstrated, is by no means inconsistent with a complete belief that a correspondent has told all that he knew concerning an object which has been brought under his notice.—ED.]

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph taken by me of an old cock-pit at Peniarthchaf, Towy, Merionethshire. It is interesting as a relic of a bygone and once most popular national sport, and is in a very good state of preservation. It is built of the slaty stone of the county, and has a parapet round the top 2ft. 3in. wide, in which holes are drilled for the fixing of benches to view the sport. The diameter of the pit is 11ft. 6in., and depth 2ft. 8in., while the circumference outside is 51ft. 6in. I should like to know if this is the usual size for a private pit, and if there are many now existing. Cocking in this valley was very popular early in the century, and, indeed, within the memory of people now living. Curiously enough, one of its keenest supporters in these parts was a blind member of the Peniarth family, an ancestor of Mrs. Scott, the owner of the pit illustrated. An old woman who reared his game fowls for him tells how he knew each bird by feeling it or listening to its particular crow, and that he knew quite as much about the fight as those with full possession of their eyesight. There is no record of any famous mains being fought out here, but doubtless it was the scene of many a contest of local interest. Perhaps it is unknown to some of your readers that the term "showing the white feather" originated in cock-fighting, as game birds with white or light-coloured feathers in wing or tail were proverbially wanting in pluck and given to running away.—CYMRO.

